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MOVIE CLASSIC

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COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

DECEMBER

10
CENTS



HOW
DAN CRAWFORD
KEEPS HER
MEN FRIENDS
INTERESTED

JEAN PARKER

by

MARLAND
STONE

"That was the worst
headache..."



**Known as a balanced relief
for the following headaches:**

Overwork or fatigue headache.

*Morning-after headache following
over-indulgence.*

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

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eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.*

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... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"

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You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

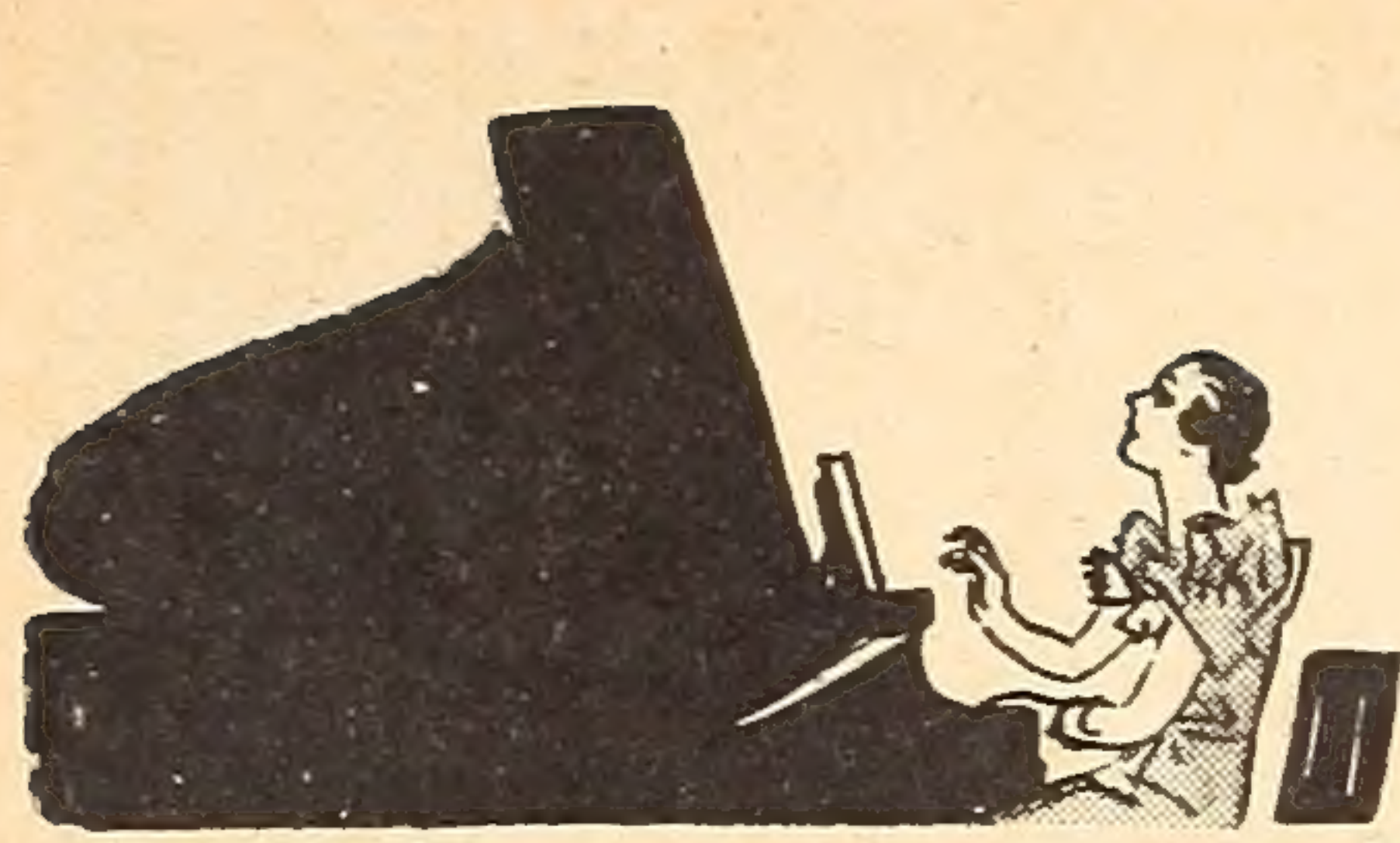
Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stom-

ach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the after-effects.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable . . . pleasant . . . and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the complete name . . . Bromo-Seltzer.

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BROMO-SELTZER



Isn't it a SHAME!

THE RHYTHMS SHE COAXES FROM A BABY-GRAND—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



If Judy isn't a genius, it isn't because she doesn't create rhythms that bring the young crowd "ganging" 'round! But—there's a "but" about Judy!



And Judy is dazzling in a costume play! She's clever—she's pretty—and she's a grand little actress! But the "but" about Judy spoils many a big moment.



Men like Judy's music—and the whole town turns out when Judy's in a play! But nobody ever proposes to Judy. For the "but" about Judy is her teeth.



Judy sometimes wonders why her teeth look so grayish—so dingy and ugly. She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" is often the root of this trouble!



If Judy will ask her dentist, he'll advise her to clean her teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste—and, each time, to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



By the time Ipana and massage have brought brilliancy back to Judy's teeth and smile—she'll find that romance was just hiding behind the piano—all this while!

IF you have been a "Judy"—and have let "pink tooth brush" go on and on—and if your teeth have grown more and more dingy and ugly—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste (before another day goes by!)

Clean your teeth with Ipana. It is a splendid, modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth, but deep into every little crevice—gently, thoroughly.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Your entire mouth feels refreshed!

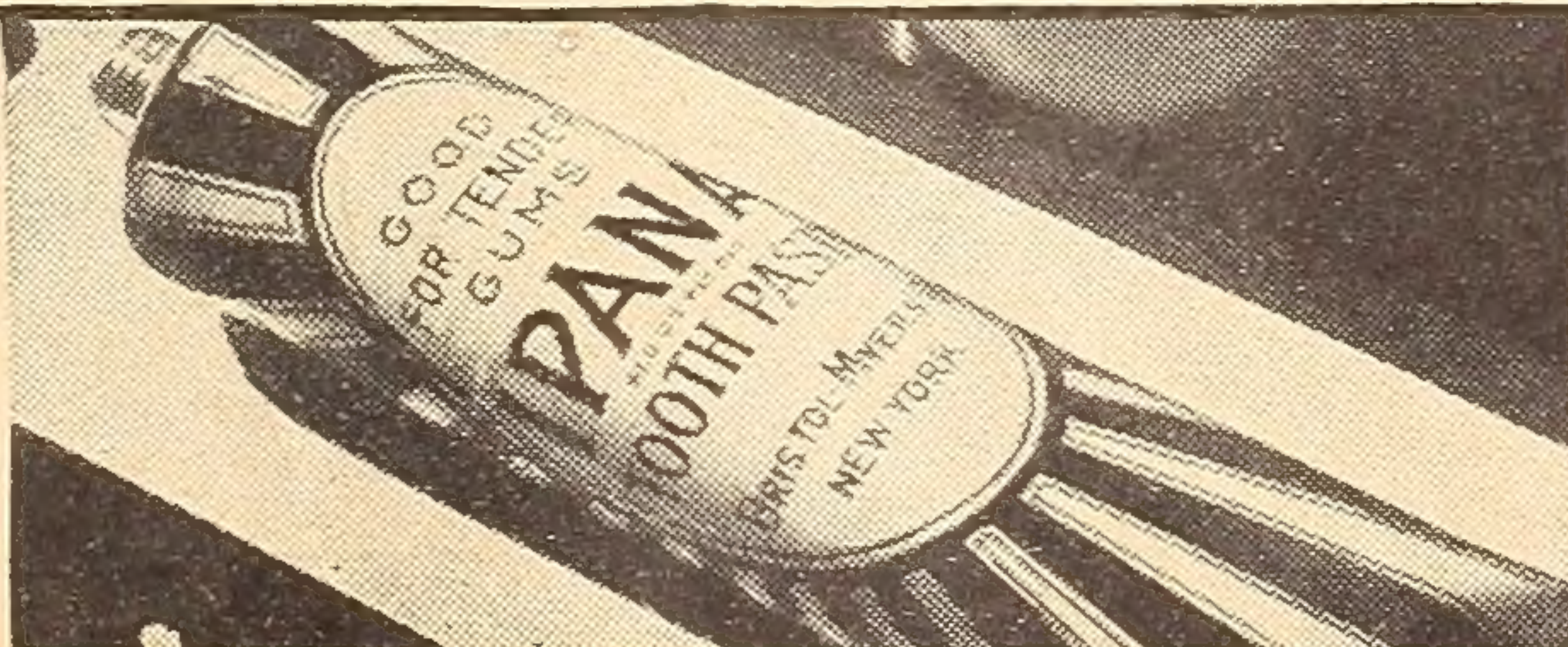
But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana plus massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Modern foods, so soft, so creamy, fail to exercise the gums. For this reason, your gums tend to lose their

vigor. Sometimes they bleed a little. "Pink tooth brush" may dull your teeth—it may even endanger your teeth! It may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. But Ipana and massage will help keep your gums firm, and your teeth sparkling!

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GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL • GEORGE BRENT

Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! This is the STAR who enthalls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smoldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. This is your Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



EDITED IN
HOLLYWOOD
AND
NEW YORK

MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

VOL. 7, No. 4
DECEMBER, 1934



JOAN CRAWFORD Never Loses a Friend

Joan Crawford has become famous on the screen not only for her beauty and her personality, but for the intense sincerity of her acting. It has won her millions of friends all over the world. And she doesn't limit her sincerity to her acting. It is just as evident in her private life...

She is irresistibly attractive to a variety of men. Moreover, she holds their interest. They may bow at her altar to pay romantic homage, but when they find that their hopes are doomed to extinction, they still remain—to be her friends for life.

How does she convert adoration into enduring comradeship? The secret is revealed a few pages farther on, in one of the greatest Crawford stories ever told.

FEATURE ARTICLES

Tense First Night—Short, Short Story	Jack Grant	16
"It's All In Fun," Says Mae West	William F. French	27
How Joan Crawford Keeps Her Men Friends Interested	Sonia Lee	28
Have You Got the Makings of a Comedian?	Gladys Hall	30
He'll Make Movies That Will Live	Harry T. Brundidge	32
Our Mary Becomes Queen of the Air!	Katharine Hartley	33
Broadway's Greatest Actor Comes to the Screen	Elsie Rand	36
"We Would Have Married—"	Sonia Lee	37
Connie Plans "Second Honeymoon" with Henri	Joan Standish	39
Pola Negri Returns, Buys Valentino Home	Ann Slater	40
New Film Shows Modern Miracle	Raymond Palmer	41
Sinclair Plans Movies Made by the Unemployed	Grant Jackson	42
The Movies Capture Joe Penner	Thornton Sargent	52
Doug and Gertie Rival the Royal Romantics	Dorothy Calhoun	53
"Unusual . . .?" That's Putting It Mildly!	Hal Hall	54
"There's Romance in Everything"—for John Boles	Luke Borden	55

SCREEN STAR STORIES

"By Your Leave"	Fictionized by Ethel M. Pomeroy	43
"Great Expectations"	Fictionized by M. D. Malcolm	48
"Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round"	Fictionized by Ethel M. Pomeroy	56

MOVIE CLASSIC'S DEPARTMENTS

Intimate Hollywood Gossip	Jack Grant	6
Letters from Readers		10
Lessons in Loveliness	Nell Vinick	13
These Movies—Reviews of the Latest Films	Larry Reid	34
For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over	L. Roy Russell	79

COVER DRAWING OF JEAN PARKER BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Hollywood Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

LAURENCE REID, Editor

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WHY SYLVIA SIDNEY HAS NEVER BEEN TO A HOLLYWOOD PARTY

AND OTHER INTIMATE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By JACK GRANT



Sylvia Sidney—whose hobby is drawing—doesn't go to big parties, or give them, for this very simple reason: "I just can't afford to waste my energy in trying to be a social light. All the energy I have, I need for my work"

ONE of her friends gave me the tip: "Ask Sylvia Sidney why she is the one star in Hollywood who has practically no social life. You never see her name 'Among those present' in accounts of Hollywood soirées. There must be a reason. Ask her why. It might make a story."

I did and it does.

"The answer is easily given," Sylvia said. "You don't read my name in the society columns because I have never been to a Hollywood party. Society, simply because it is society, doesn't interest me at all. I have a number of friends in Hollywood whom I see often. I visit them and they visit me. But we don't give parties with guest lists for publication."

"I seldom receive invitations these days from those who do entertain lavishly. Possibly I have offended them by continually sending regrets. I haven't meant to offend, but I just can't afford to waste my energy in trying to be a social light. I mean this literally. All the energy I have, I

need to conserve entirely for my work.

"Like most girls of my size, I have ambitions far beyond my strength. Every morning, I awaken with seemingly boundless energy. I plan my day—and it is always a very full day. I refuse to admit to myself that my plans are overly ambitious, refuse to countenance the thought that I may be planning not wisely, but too well. It is only when fatigue overtakes me that I am forced to concede my defeat and to postpone my dreams of accomplishment until the morrow. That appears to be the sum total of my life—a series of tomorrows and tomorrows.

"When I'm working on a picture, of course, there can be no postponements. I must do a day's work on the day it was planned to be done, seizing each possible moment for rest to stave off exhaustion.

"I dislike the necessity of explaining all of this. But I dislike even more the false impressions some people have of what they term my 'exclusiveness.' I have no wish to be exclu-

sive. I would like to be in the thick of everything that is worth-while, but I can't be. My will to do and my lack of power to do it are at continual war. The fate that decreed me such a limited strength was unkind."

And this is Sylvia Sidney's answer to why she has never been to a Hollywood party. And it is also a new and revealing light upon the character of Paramount's diminutive star, who, by the way, is now making "Behold My Wife."

Sixty Homes for a Dollar

JEANETTE MacDONALD has at last gratified a desire she has had ever since she came to Hollywood. She has gone on a sight-seeing tour of the homes of the stars, personally conducted by one of the numerous "For Hire" guides who know all and see all. It started this way:

Jeanette's sister came out for a visit and the Sunday before her return to Philadelphia, (Continued on page 8)



Newlyweds Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer will soon be smiling like this again. He's due back from picture work abroad

Grand FUN..Beautiful GIRLS..Dazzling SCENES in EDDIE CANTOR'S New Hit "KID MILLIONS"



*Pardon my
(Ann) Sothern
accent!*

*It's Eddie! Going
harem-scarem in
the harem!*

*Eddie gets a heart
Merman for Ethel!*

*Eddie sings a look-at-
hymn to Block and Sully*



*The gorgeous Goldwyn
Girls in a scene from
the all-Technicolor
ice-cream fantasy!*

*Is Eddie's face black!
As he goes-to-town
with "Mandy" . . .
Irving Berlin's melody
masterpiece!*



*Just a big dame hunter!
Out-for bigger and bedouins!*

EDDIE CANTOR *in Samuel Goldwyn's*
production of "KID MILLIONS"

with ANN SOTHERN • ETHEL MERMAN
BLOCK and SULLY • THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 6)

the family sat over a late luncheon in the sheltered patio of their Beverly Hills house. The quiet of the Sunday afternoon was suddenly shattered by a voice shouting through a megaphone, "And on your right is the home of Edward G. Robinson, star of many horror pictures, including 'Dracula' and 'Frankenstein.'"

Robinson is Jeanette's next-door neighbor. "Wonder what he will say about us?" she said. She didn't have long to wait. "The next house," he



Max Reinhardt's great spectacle, "The Miracle," is coming to the screen—and Jean Muir will play the part of *The Nun*

shouted, "is the property of Corinne Griffith, now being rented by Chico Marx."

Jeanette, who has a sense of humor, needed no further encouragement. She organized the party then and there. Dressing in their oldest clothes they started in search of a Hollywood guide, and driving a four-year-old car. Mrs. MacDonald and Robert Ritchie (Jeanette's fiancé-manager) were in the front seat, Jeanette and her sister in the rumble. As a last-minute precaution against recognition, Jeanette borrowed her mother's glasses. She couldn't see a thing through them and her mother couldn't see without them. But they were out to listen, not to see.

The boy they picked up as guide was a young college lad whose sign advertised "Sixty Homes of Stars for

a Dollar." All the silly questions they asked and all the amazing replies he gave would fill a book. They were posing as typical tourists and their impersonations were perfect.

Toward the end of the trip, they were driven down their own street. The guide, better informed than the first one they heard, pointed out their home accurately. Jeanette insisted upon stopping because her "very favorite movie star was Jeanette MacDonald." She tried to get all the information she could, but their guide didn't claim to know much about Miss MacDonald off the screen.

It was then that Jeanette conceived her wildest idea. She proposed ringing "Miss MacDonald's" door-bell and asking her for a picture. In vain, the guide tried to dissuade her. When the butler opened the



The actor who won the coveted rôle of Katharine Hepburn's idealistic hero in "The Little Minister" is young John Beal. And you and he will both hear Katharine sing

door, Jeanette put on quite an act of getting into the house. Seeming at last to force her way in, she found a photograph, autographed it to herself and came out proudly bearing it. She says she will never forget the expression on the guide's face.

Later, however, she may have cause to regret her prank. Maybe this professional guide will be encouraged to bring a whole parade of folks to ring her bell. He might even change his sign to read "Sixty Homes of Stars and an Autographed Picture of Jeanette MacDonald for a Dollar."

French as She Is Spoke

RALPH BELLAMY, just returned from Europe (he made a picture in England), tells of an amusing experience in Paris. He planned to give a party to the press and, accompanied by John Cromwell, the director, he set out to buy the necessary libations. Now, Cromwell speaks no French and Bellamy shouldn't. He didn't know the words for anything except brandy and Cointreau. So he decided on Side-Cars. (Continued on page 12)



Jeanette MacDonald's merriment in "The Merry Widow" is no masquerade. Read about her real-life sense of humor

CARL LAEMMLE *Presents*

"NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS"

For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

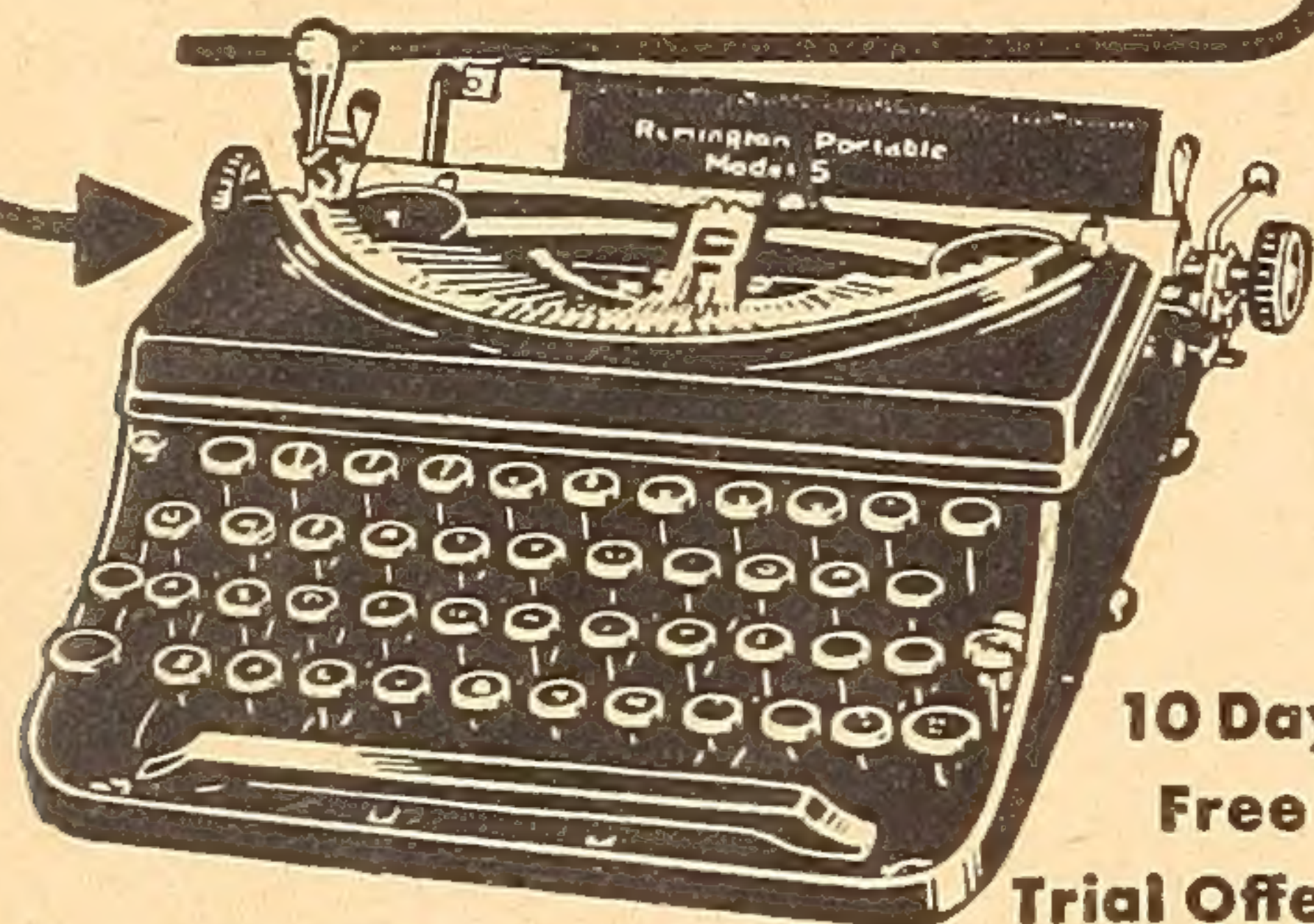
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MOVIE CLASSIC Reader Names Six Best Directors

FIRST PRIZE

Six Directors Who Can Always Be Depended Upon

When I shop for pictures, the director is paramount, regardless of the star billed.

There are six directors who overshadow even their most glittering movie puppets. They infuse the best that is mental and physical appeal in the stars who are fortunate enough to be under their directorial wand.

Foremost is Frank Capra. His directorial personality is the human every-day appeal of the man in the street. How his pictures strike home is best realized by "It Happened One Night" and "Lady For a Day."

Directorially speaking, Ernst Lubitsch is as colorful and exotic as Greta Garbo. His is the power to mold an unsophisticated American player into a subtle, insinuating, provocative character.

Clarence Brown brings out the best points of an established star's histrionics. Garbo and Crawford have benefited by his directorial methods.

Cecil B. DeMille is the answer to the prayers of the ugly duckling stars. I believe he has the power to transform plain ZaSu Pitts into a golden cocoon. His rich, tapestry dramas are the delight of fans who lead humdrum, every-day existence.

Frank Borzage appeals to the sentiment. His directorial powers of reeking out balefuls of tears, even out of the case-hardened movie-goers, is proof that the cinema world loves a good cry.

Last, but not least, W. S. Van Dyke. Versatility is his first name. He is at home directing jungle pictures, melodramas, mystery and sex pictures. Who could forget "Eskimo," "Tarzan," "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man"?

GEORGE A. ABBATE, Utica, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE

Screen Version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" Superior to Stage Production

What perfect, flawless entertainment "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" provides! To give us this truly great picture its producers must have marshalled their most brilliant talent, for here we find a grand cast, directorial genius and a high order of production ability. The result is a picture masterpiece.

Norma Shearer for once is not Norma Shearer, but Elizabeth Barrett, a charming, sensitive, beautiful and intelligent woman of forceful character, but poetic soul.

The meeting of the two poets, as portrayed by Miss Shearer and Fredric March, is an exquisite scene, as fine as anything of a like nature that the writer has seen on any screen.

It was breathtaking, fascinating, and dynamic. One does not miss Katharine Cornell and Basil Rathbone of the stage "Barretts" in having these two fine players in the cinema version. In fact, with Charles Laughton in his masterful portrayal of the tyrant father and other members of the cast giving performances that measured up to the high standard set by the principals I would say the screen play is superior to the stage production.

MRS. CATHARINE N., Minneapolis, Minn.

THIRD PRIZE

"The Thin Man" Has Enough Material for Three Fine Films

After having seen "Thin Man" at every theater in town (from the 40c ones to the "10c any seat, any time"), I've come to the conclusion that the order of the day should be more and thinner men!

The dialogue was so brilliant, so racy, and above all so human; the love story between the gorgeous Loy and the

debonair Powell so unusual, in that it depicted love after marriage; and the murder story so tense and well worked out that it kept the audience gasping.

The scene at the dinner-table where Powell unravelled the baffling mystery was, to put it mildly, suspense incarnate.

"Thin Man" really had material for three excellent pictures—the love story—the comedy—the murder—but combined in one picture it adds up to superlative entertainment.

"Thin Man" gets my vote for the best picture of this year or any year.

BETTY HOLLOWAY, Glendale, Calif.

Honorable Mention

Garbo Still Reigns

With all the controversy waged about the throne tottering, with the handicap of making a beautiful but not particularly spectacular picture, with a battle on as to whether there will be a new contract, thru it all Garbo is still the Queen.

Garbo, contrary to other actress's publicity, is still unsurpassed in heavy dramatic emotional rôles. She has that Dusé quality of becoming the very character she impersonates, that vibrant quality that brings a shadow to life.

Garbo is also one of the best business women in the industry. She has built up for herself a fine fortune, she has deliberately created a veil of mystery which even the

debunking processes and the many copies have not lessened.

Garbo is certainly one of the few beautiful women on the screen to-day. She can and has worn some of the most impossible of costumes and makeup and still gives the illusion of beauty. Her beauty is of a warm vibrant perfection.

Garbo is still the Queen. Garbo will never be forgotten.

FRANCIS MARTIN, *Berkeley, Calif.*

Players Are Often Miscast

The strange and mysterious motives behind the average Hollywood casting have long been a source of wonderment to me. Actors, for example, famed for prowess in, let us say, dancing, are instead required to be comedians, singers, or, in fact, anything but what their particular talent calls for.

Two very good exponents of this common fault are Patsy Kelly and John Boles. Patsy has been every star's pal, but has had few chances to display her remarkable dancing ability. The golden-voiced Boles hasn't warbled a note for some time.

Another instance of miscasting is the persistence of the producers in casting such uncollegiate types as Bing Crosby and Jack Oakie in campus rôles.

While I am registering complaints I also want to point out another fallacy of movie moguls which tends to make pictures border on the ridiculous and that is the practice of clothing the players in attire which has no relation to the parts being interpreted. It is errors such as these that keep movies from attaining greater reality.

PHYLLIS WEBBER, *Springfield, Mass.*

Wants Will Rogers In a Different Type of Picture

Have the movie producers ever taken into consideration the fact that we movie fans would like to see a different type of Will Rogers picture? Oh yes! We know they're good and guarantee the best of entertainment, but, with one or two exceptions, the plot is always the same. Outside of a few new jokes and several laughs, we are seeing the same movie.

Must he always have a daughter or son whom he tries to help and we know will come out all right in the end? Must the wife always have higher ideas and make a monkey out of him only to return in the finish and admit she's wrong? These points recall: "So This is London," "State Fair," "Lightnin'," "Mr. Skitch," "Handy Andy," and others.

Why not create a new story and introduce a new Rogers which would make a picture we would want to see again.

FRANCES BEATTY, *Smartville, Calif.*

More Fitting Titles Wanted

The only quarrel we have with Grace Moore's great picture concerns the title. Why not call it "One Night of Music"? With one eye, or both eyes, on the box office, the producers called it "One Night of Love."

If you knew nothing at all about Miss Moore's picture except its title, you would probably suspect it to be the standard brand, featuring close-ups of catch-as-you-can boudoir scenes. We are happy to report that those who went to "One Night of Love" with any such hopes were disappointed. "One Night of Love" is a thrilling picture, but the thrills are perfectly proper ones. Miss Moore's magnificent voice provides enough entertainment for any one night.

Give us MOORE and better titles.

M. K. R., *Chattanooga, Tenn.*



Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

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Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Intimate Hollywood Gossip



Lili Damita is now in England, making "Brewster's Millions"; fiancé Hugo Brasse is in Australia; but they have a wedding date in Hollywood "before New Year's"

(Continued from page 8)

But the lemon or lime juice was still to be obtained.

As everyone who has ever been abroad knows, fresh fruit is at a terrific premium on the Continent. Despairing of finding fresh limes or lemons, Ralph decided to ask for extracts. He thought he was phrasing his request very well and the startled expressions that came over the faces of the French clerks he mistook for their lack of knowledge of fruit juice extracts.

Only after he returned to the hotel and recited his difficulty to Mrs. Bellamy, who speaks French like a native, did he learn the horrible truth. Literally translated, his request had been for "gasoline from nail files."

Mr. SternBERG to You

JOSEF VON STERNBERG is in the headlines again on two counts, both of his own devising. He has posted an offer of \$100,000, payable to anyone who can prove that his name was ever Joe Stern. He admits adding the "von" when he was an assistant director on a picture that was thought to need "class" such as a "von" might give it. This is the same story reported many months ago by this department. But the Joe Stern rumor irks Mr. von Sternberg no end. He declares his name was always Sternberg and defies anyone to prove differently, defies such a person a hundred thousand dollars' worth.

The second story that gained headlines for von Sternberg recounts how he joined the cameramen's union, thereby having the right to add the initials A. S. C. (American Society of Cinematographers) to his name. His new picture, therefore, may have screen credits which read "A Josef von Sternberg Production—Directed by Josef von Sternberg — Photographed by Josef von Sternberg."

Incidentally, he has announced that he and Marlene Dietrich are ending their professional association as director and star with their present picture, "Caprice Espagnole." The reason: "in order to give Miss Dietrich the benefit of varied types of direction." Meanwhile, of course, he will be achieving directorial variety by directing varied types of stars. Marlene's director-husband, Rudolph Sieber, a frequent commuter from Europe, is not returning to the "old country" this time. Having a Hollywood studio position now, he faces no more separations from Marlene and their small daughter, Maria (whom you saw in "Scarlet Empress").

Tough Luck Pictures

HOLLYWOOD always has one hard-luck picture in work. The season's champion so far has been "The Captain Hates the Sea," filmed

on an old sailing vessel, on which cramped quarters and rough weather frayed everybody's nerves — with many retakes necessary. And no sooner was "The Captain" in port at last than the tidal wave of hard luck moved out to Fox where Jesse Lasky is producing "Helldorado." The production, finally under way after a delay due to casting difficulties, was halted when a mysterious eye ailment hit the troupe. Richard Arlen, Director James Cruze and several others suffered from something to which doctors are unable to give a name. Their eyes simply closed up tight and they were unable to open them.

Joan Does It Right

JOAN CRAWFORD'S new dressing rooms, decorated for her by William (Interior Decorator-on-the-side) Haines, were finished, and all that remained was for Joan to transfer her personal belongings. This she went to do, making an appointment with the wardrobe department for an hour later.

Two hours passed and the fitters began to wonder about Joan. Finally someone went to her new place to check up. There was Joan, a towel bound around her hair, down on hands and knees, scrubbing the floor.

"Sorry if (Continued on page 14)



Richard Dix, who has been honeymooning, is getting to work again in "West of the Pecos"—the most ambitious Western of the season—with Martha Sleeper as his heroine. It was as a Westerner, in "Cimarron," that he made his greatest hit

LESSONS IN LOVELINESS

This is the first of a series of "Lessons in Loveliness" by Nell Vinick, definitely recognized as New York's favorite beauty adviser. For eight years, her tri-weekly beauty talks—also called "Lessons in Loveliness"—have been featured on Station WOR, New York. It is her idea that every woman, by attention and correct care, can bring out her hidden beauty, herself, at home. To the countless thousands who already know Miss Vinick, she needs no introduction. To others, it will be a revelation to learn how simple and successfully she solves beauty problems.—Editor.

I RECEIVE so many letters from girls with round faces who yearn for oval faces—and just as many with oval faces, wishing theirs were round. So many girls bewail the fact that their eyes are too small or their mouths are too large, or there's this or that the matter with the shape of their features (so *they* think) . . .

What was it Milton wrote...? "Blame not Nature—she hath done her part; do *Thou* but yours" . . . which is just another way of saying that it is silly to be discontented with your features, because *any* girl, in fairly good health, can get the reputation of being beautiful—can *make* herself look beautiful—IF she will definitely and sincerely set out to do so.

And, as glorious proofs of this statement, you have such stars as Ginger Rogers, Miriam Hopkins and many others, who have willingly revealed that they started out as downright plain or the traditional "ugly ducklings."

You can do the same, if you really set out to do so—and *stick to it*, day in and day out. . . .

With the formal social season and holiday party dates close at hand, let's have this "Lesson in Loveliness" on Make-Up, because make-up is the quickest way to add delicate warmth and vitality to your skin, a more appealing expression to your eyes—in other words, to make **YOUR** beauty *quickly noticeable*.

You understand, of course, that make-up for personal or social use must necessarily be different from make-up for the movies. . . .

For personal make-up, first of all comes the powder-base. The powder-base should be a delicate cream for dry, sensitive skin—or a corrective lotion for the oily or open-pore type of skin.

Cream rouge (also called paste rouge) goes on immediately after the powder base and **BEFORE** face powder. **DRY** rouge goes on **AFTER** face powder. . . . I advocate

cream rouge because, if it is a good brand, it will look much more natural, and stay on much longer without fading, than dry rouge. . . . The chief purpose of dry rouge is for hasty renewal of color at odd moments.

Here are three important rules for applying rouge:

Rule No. 1: Keep your rouge **ABOVE** the lip-line. By that, I mean that the rouge on your cheeks should never be lower on your face than the lip-line—or else it will give a dragged-down, aged look.

Rule No. 2: **NEVER**, never get your rouge inside the smile curve. . . . When you smile, there is a distinct curving line from the nose down to the lips—that's

the smile-curve. . . . Remember to keep your rouge **OUTSIDE** that curve.

Rule No. 3: Always apply rouge (or any make-up) in the light in which you will be seen. . . . When you dress in the morning, apply your make-up in natural daylight. If you should put on your make-up under electric light, make it a point to carry your hand-mirror over to the window and see what you look like in daylight. That's the way others will see you. . . .

You'd suppose, wouldn't you, that no one needs to be told how to use face powder? But what I observe more often than not prompts me to tell you that powder should not be rubbed on. **PUFF** it on all over your face, with quick little dabs, and then "sweep it down" gently with either a powder-brush or what is just as good—a clean, dry piece of absorbent cotton. If you do your face powdering that way, you'll get a lovelier, more velvety effect.

Carry Tissues with You

HERE'S another tip: If your nose—or face—needs powdering during the day or evening, don't just bring out your powder puff and dab it right on. **ALWAYS** wipe your face or nose gently with (Continued on page 71)

BY *Nell Vinick*



Miriam made herself beautiful



. . . . and so did Ginger

Intimate Hollywood Gossip



Gloria Swanson has two leading men in her promising "comeback" picture, "Music in the Air." One is an old friend—John Boles—whose first screen rôle was opposite her. The other is Douglass Montgomery, making friends with her above

(Continued from page 12)

"I'm late," she said, smiling happily. "I've turned scrubwoman because I want to be sure the job is done right. And I find I'm enjoying it and having a grand time, so I've lost track of time." And yet some people try to say Joan has gone high-hat!

Otto's Embarrassing Moment

SPEAKING of unexpected stories, there is the tale of the time Otto Kruger, arriving late for the theatre, drove his big car into a parking lot and, because the attendant was busy, parked it himself. After the final-act curtain, he returned to the lot, but couldn't find the car. Thinking it stolen, he raised a hue-and-cry for the manager of the lot. The manager was able to explain—with great pride. Kruger, by mistake, had parked in a second-hand automobile sales agency. They sold the car for him during his absence.

Autograph, Please

THE autograph-hunters of Hollywood (distantly related to the head hunters of the South Seas) have a new dodge. They now go armed with little rolled up pellets of paper upon which are their names and addresses. Holding their autograph books in one hand and the paper pellets in the other, they offer the film star a choice—an autograph now or an autographed photo to be sent to them later.

Out-Staring Astaire

EVERY month there is at least one new autograph anecdote. I particularly like this one. Fred Astaire, still very new to Hollywood, was trapped by a crowd of youngsters as he was leaving the NBC broadcasting studio on the RKO lot. Fred was busily signing books when he remembered that someone had told him that youngsters could frequently be put to rout by suddenly asking them if they



Phyllis Seiler, from the stage, gets her film start as one of the "glorified" in "The Great Ziegfeld." And why not?

really knew their victim's name. He tried it and was successful in embarrassing all but one little girl. She stared up at him as she said, "Of course, I know who you are. You're Fred Allen. I hear you on the radio."

Short Short Story

WE quote verbatim from a classified advertisement in a local paper: "Job Wanted: Young man, clean cut, honest, AI refs., chauffeur, handy man, waiter, dishwasher, or actor."

Boys Will Be Boys

THE year's wildest bet was made by Roscoe Karns and Al Hall, Paramount director, on the outcome of the World Series. Rabid baseball fans both, Karns favored the Detroit



Grace Moore, reaping royalties from "One Night of Love," is lending her voice to radio, waiting for a new screen story

Tigers, while Hall was a St. Louis Cardinals rooster. Their wager allowed the winner to throw six baseballs at the home of the loser, breaking as many windows as he could.

Ginger Turns Playwright

MAE WEST writes her own stories, dialogue and songs; Elissa Landi writes novels and has been known to turn out songs; Jean Harlow has just written a novel, which will be looked over by literary agents for the movies. Ginger Rogers is revealed as an author-beauty. She concocted a musical comedy—complete with plot, music and lyrics, calls it "Three to Go," and plans to produce it on the stage, unless the movies insist on it first.

3 trying moments conquered!

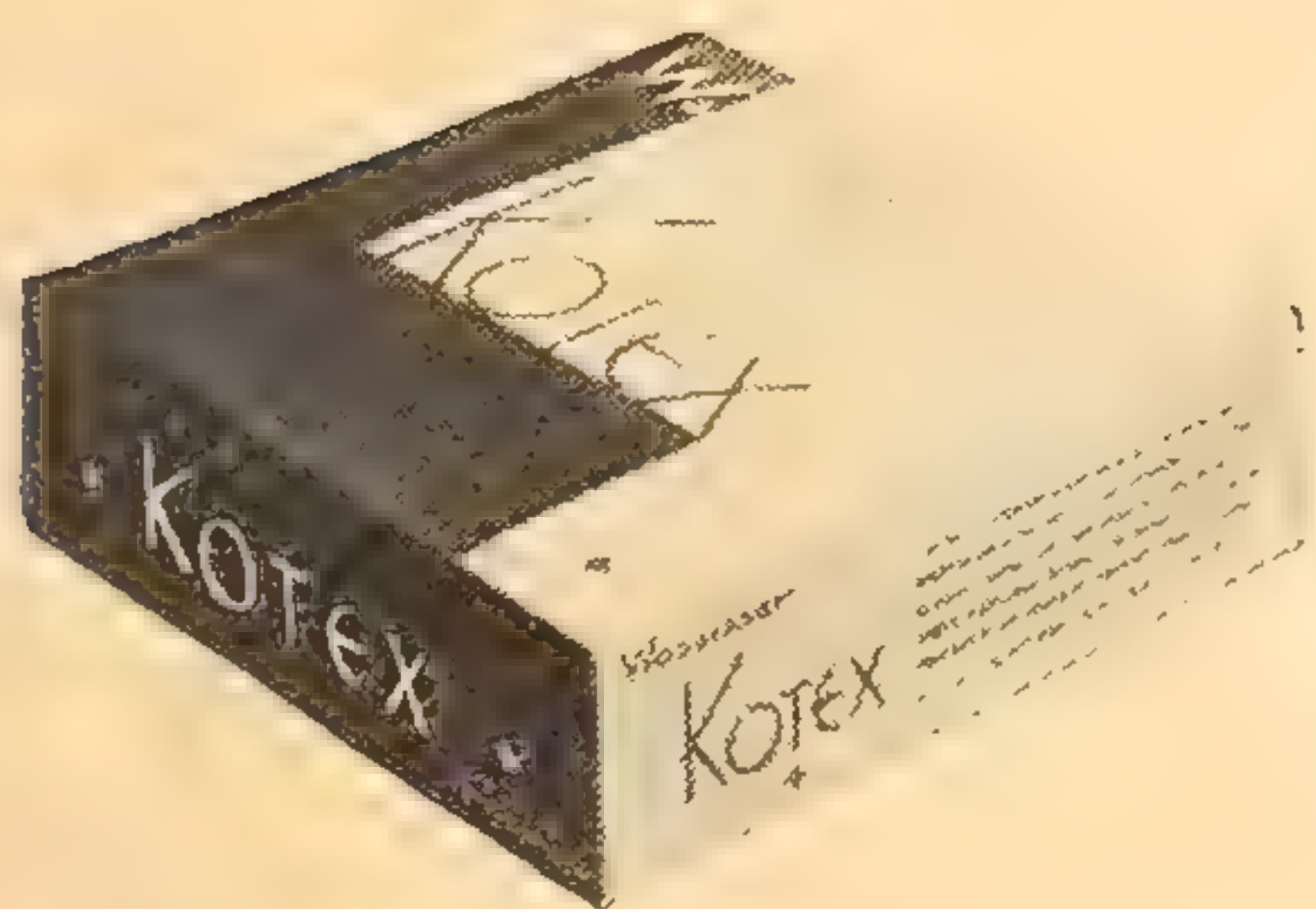
How WONDERSOFT KOTEX
gives women freedom never
before dreamed of

Bridge takes concentration

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered with filmy cotton.



A filmy, daring frock



● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' restrooms.

Ice-skating is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself because of the special center—unlike other pads.



One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort

<p>HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW KOTEX BELT?</p> <p>YES, IT'S MARVELOUS!</p>	<p>THE FIRST BELT THAT REALLY FITS!</p> <p>THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S SHAPED TO THE FIGURE</p>	<p>AND IT'S SO EASY TO FASTEN!</p> <p>YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE UNTIL YOU ACTUALLY WEAR IT</p>	 <p>HAVE you tried this form-fitting belt by Kotex? It doesn't cut, ride or irritate. It's soft, inconspicuous. Fits comfortably. The elastic is curved to fit the contours of the body.</p>
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TENSE FIRST NIGHT . . .

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

BY JACK GRANT

SHE made her stage début in England when she was only sixteen, but as this is a true story, not just a Hollywood success story, it must be recorded that her first two years in the theatre were not greeted by overwhelming triumphs. She toured the British Isles with traveling repertory players and did a rôle or two in London. But nothing really outstanding.

The main trouble was that she looked so very young, no older than her years. Everywhere she went to apply for larger rôles, she was told, "Go 'way and get some experience."

"How am I going to get experience," she finally asked an agent in exasperation, "unless I have the opportunity? Suppose you tell me where to 'go 'way.' I'm willing to take anything."

The agent, more amused than impressed, suggested a second lead in a repertory company headed for India and China. He expected the young applicant to refuse the offer and was more than a little surprised at her ready acceptance. Nor could she be dissuaded by stories of the dangers and hardships of such a tour.

The troupe numbered only eight players, performing a total of seven plays. For the most part, they played one-night stands. When they traveled by railroad, their car was their hotel. But more often, they went from town to town by automobile and even by horseback, often living in tents. In lowland towns, they sweltered in breathless heat. In the mountain regions, they were frozen half to death. They played many places that did not even boast a theatre. Barrack rooms, barns and stores were often turned into make-shift playhouses. But they always gave a show.

The leading lady fell ill of fever in India. The second lead, having understudied her, was to take her place. Suppose the scene of her triumph *was* only a tiny village in the wilds of India. Suppose her audience *was* only a handful of English settlers. Suppose her stage *was* hardly more than a platform in a tin-roofed barracks. Nevertheless, tonight she was to be the star!

Monkeys chattered at her as she walked to the theatre. She hardly heard them, although ordinarily monkeys were the bane of her existence in this wild country. They were forever stealing make-up and everything else in sight from the dressing-rooms unless she was careful to close all the windows. And it was so hard to remember to close windows in such heat. But what did she care about monkeys now? Tonight she was to be the star!



Illustrated by
ELDON KELLEY

At the theatre, she was told, "There may be trouble tonight. A native was caught sneaking into the English settlement right after dark with a bomb. Last year several whites were killed in a native uprising. And trouble is brewing again."

Disquieting news this, particularly upon the eve of one's first starring opportunity—a new cause for stage fright. But she determined to pretend that nothing had happened.

The first act was almost safely over when—*Bam!* The rafters of the make-shift theatre shook with the noise. The actor, with whom she was playing a tender love scene whispered tensely, "The natives must have attacked."

"I know," she replied, with equal tenseness. "But we'll have to carry on."

And carry on they did, although they had to shout their most intimate lines to be heard over the racket, now almost continuous. They could see the company manager nervously pacing behind the wings, walking faster with each loud *Bam!* Finally, they saw someone stop to speak to him and the manager started toward the stage.

"Here he comes," said the girl. "I guess he is going to stop the show. Maybe the

natives are getting closer. Maybe the building's afire."

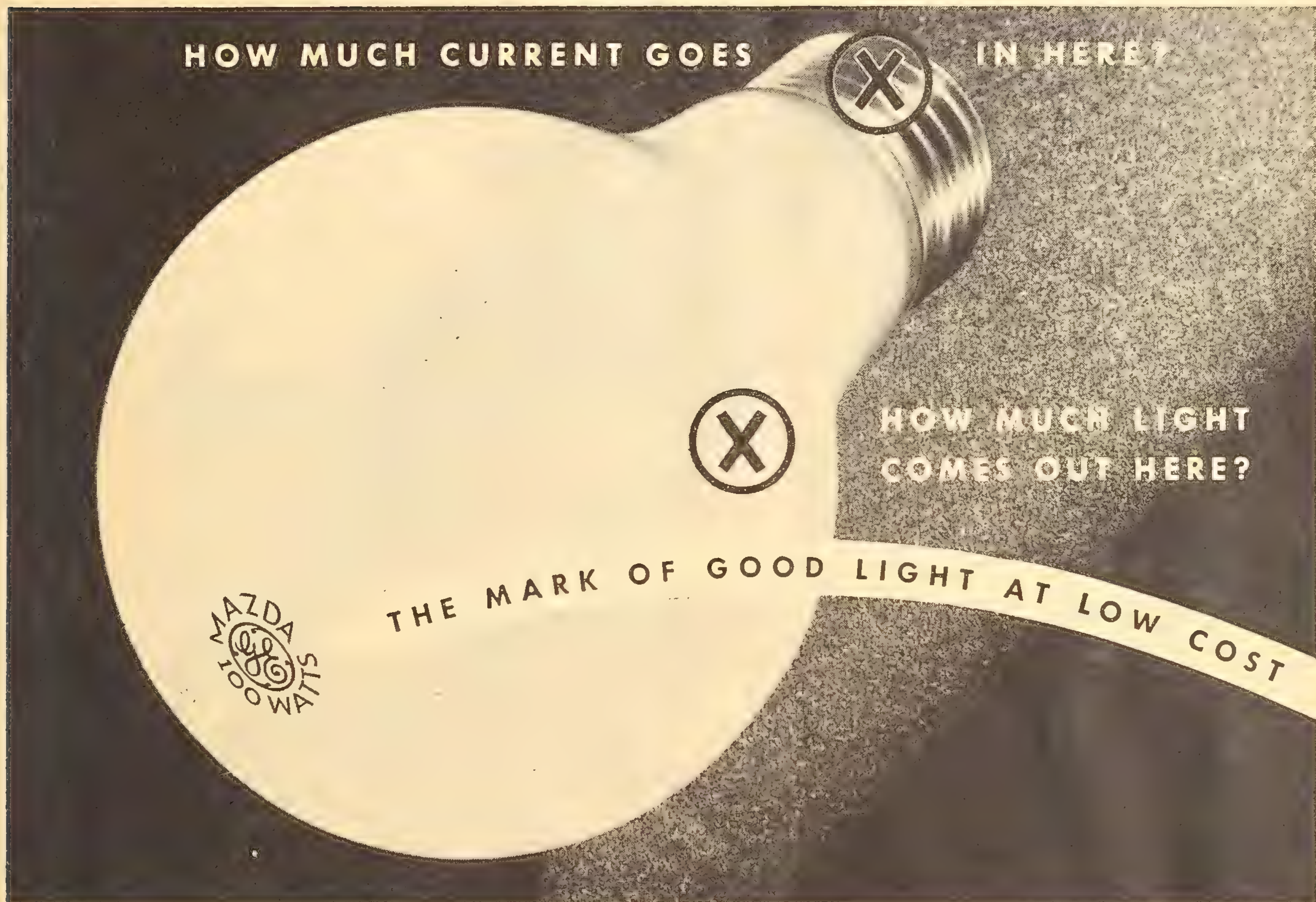
"Ladies and gentleman," the manager shouted to the audience, "it is impossible to continue the play with all this noise going on. If you will be patient for a few moments, we'll try to chase away the monkeys that are throwing cocoanuts on the tin roof."

This is just one of the many strange experiences that made Heather Angel a trouser, a veteran trouser, despite her youth. And now that Heather is under long-term contract to Universal Studios in Hollywood, she can laugh at the apprenticeship she served, playing one-night stands in India—thousands of miles from the "civilized security" of Oxford, where she was born, and where she and Ralph Forbes, newly married, may go on their honeymoon . . .


Not all of the hardships she endured on that long trip had comic endings, as did this episode of monkey business. Yet it would be well to consider that the ordeal that Heather Angel underwent in playing her first leading rôle was none the less terrifying because the tumult turned out to be caused by cocoanuts, instead of bursting bombs. If you had ever heard cocoanuts being thrown on a tin roof, you would have believed them to be bombs, too.



Marks two spots most important to every lamp user



Poor lamps are current wasters, just as poor carburetors are "gas hogs." In addition, they may add to your true cost of light by blackening prematurely or by burning out too soon. All three, or any one of these inefficient lamp characteristics, add nothing to the initial cost of your lamps but they all add to the **COST OF YOUR LIGHT.**

The best way to be sure of getting low cost light is to look for the mark of a manufacturer you can trust. The General Electric monogram  is such



a mark. When you buy a lamp bearing this mark, you can be sure not only of a lamp that is reasonable to buy, but one that is economical to use . . . a lamp that can be relied upon to give you **ALL** the light you pay for. *Long nights are ahead. Fill every socket with fresh lamps and, as an added precaution, keep a carton of spares on the kitchen shelf.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS



The Natives of
Spitzbergen
PERSPIRE on ICE... yet
Seldom Catch Cold

UP from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at \$450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to

produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or medicinal forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so

common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that *it will not harm the most delicate tissue*. At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught *fewer* colds and

less severe colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



For Colds and Sore Throat..LISTERINE..The Safe Antiseptic




A Poem, Herself...

Gloria Stuart, who has just published a volume of verse, is a grouping of beautiful lines, herself. Versed in the art of light comedy, also, she is in "Maybe It's Love"

Harmony Without Words

In "Come On, Marines," Richard Arlen and Ida Lupino first matched smiles. And on close inspection in "Ready for Love," it's hard to tell which is happier to be with the other again. Looking at them, who'd think that they would ever part—Dick to make "Helldorado," Ida to vacation in England?






Their rôles in "The Richest Girl in the World" did things for both Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea, teamed for the first time. As the masquerading millionairess, Miriam proved herself one of the screen's most gifted comedienes. Now she'll do "Becky Sharp." Joel will be Marlene Dietrich's hero in "Caprice Espagnole"

*Lucky
in
Screen Love*

Carole Lombard—newly loaned by Paramount to Columbia, where she made such a hit in "20th Century"—has the rôle of a show dancer in "Lady by Choice" and Roger Pryor for her most ardent admirer. And it looks like a big break not only for Carole, but for Roger, fresh from his wining of the West in "Belle of the Nineties"



Three Newly Starred . . .

Lyle (Versatile) Talbot, *right*, has never turned down a rôle, playing any type requested. Now he gets his reward—stardom—in "Murder in the Clouds." Fred Astaire, *center*, entered films to dance, stole two pictures and now is starred in his third, "The Gay Divorcée." Robert Donat, *below*, became a star overnight in "The Count of Monte Cristo"



Three Due for Stardom . . .

When a girl gets a title rôle in her first film, stardom is ahead. And Ketti Gallian, *left*, French "find," starts out in the title rôle of "Marie Galante." Elizabeth Allan, *center*, has been given so many memorable rôles (the latest is *Dora* in "David Copperfield") that she'll soon be given stardom. Patricia Ellis, *below*, is with James Cagney in "A Perfect Week-End"



Voguish Victorian ♦ ♦

She may be gowned in the style of a past era, but they're predicting a great future for Jane Wyatt (below). So they made her Henry Hull's leading lady in "Great Expectations," by Charles Dickens. She's a former stage actress and Junior Leaguer—and a potential rival of Margaret Sullavan



Pretty Pioneer ♦ ♦

Gail Patrick (above) was burying her beauty in law books when the movies found her. And she is still studying—because she still has the ambition to be first woman governor of Alabama. A girl with pioneering ideas—that's Gail. So why shouldn't she act the part in "Wagon Wheels"?



Surrounded by Friends

That's true of Robert Montgomery, even in his library, all by himself. For his library is circular, lined from floor to ceiling with books—friends of a kind that will never fail him. But he hasn't had much time of late to fraternize with them. He has been busy co-starring with Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," and with Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others"

Shirley Temple has had huge personal-appearance offers, but she's staying right in Hollywood. For films are fun — especially, films like "Bright Eyes," with James Dunn and Alice Faye. And when she isn't playing in a scene, she can play between scenes — with a coloring book or teddy bear and camera



*It's All Play
to Shirley*

PRINTED IN
U. S. A.

MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES



"I thought everybody realized that," she adds. "Audiences laugh at my gals as much as I do—and you ought to see the letters I get...."

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

"It's All in Fun,"

Says MAE WEST

AS *Lady Lou* and *Tira* and *Ruby Carter*, I've been playing a part—not giving a thumb-nail sketch of Mae West, herself," suddenly declared Paramount's ace actress-playwright, half-turning on the settee to face me. "I thought everybody realized that. If I happened to do a good job of it, that doesn't mean I couldn't have done something else equally as well, does it? And it shouldn't mean that in private life I have to be like these gals in the pictures, should it?"

"If it should, then we ought to start running every time we see a horror star walking down the street. On the screen, they aren't fit playmates for any of us. If we are supposed to be what we play, then Johnny Weissmuller can't be civilized, and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy need guardians, and Harold Lloyd needs glasses, and somebody

ought to send Charlie Chaplin a pair of suspenders.

"Those stars aren't just acting natural when you see them on the screen. They are playing parts. And so am I. The main difference is that I generally write what I play."

Which is Mae's way of telling us that she doesn't just walk out of real life onto the screen—and, also, that if she wasn't playing the parts she is, she would probably be doing as good a job as a different screen type. Unlike Topsy, *Lady Lou*, of "*She Done Him Wrong*" fame, didn't just "growed." And neither did she just happen to "c'm up 'n' see" Mae West.

Take Mae's word for it; she didn't just strut out on the stage and give the theatre *Diamond Lil*—under which name our own *Lady Lou* was originally presented to Broadway. *Lil*, or *Lou*, was (Continued on page 70)

How JOAN CRAWFORD Keeps Her Men Friends INTERESTED

By SONIA LEE

JOAN CRAWFORD has learned a secret that few women ever learn. She has discovered how to transmute the adoration that men lay at her feet into tenuous, abiding friendship. Her home is a court. Within it, regularly, gather the men who once have admired Joan Crawford as a woman and have come to admire her in new terms—in terms of comradeship, of understanding. They have formed a spiritual alliance with her.

This Joan of the searching eyes—this Joan who is con-

stantly seeking for an unknown, undefined something that she feels life should hold for her—has found one thing that few women ever find, particularly if they are glamorous and famous: masculine friendships that know no self-seeking, that do not change with the changing years or changing fortunes.



stantly seeking for an unknown, undefined something that she feels life should hold for her—has found one thing that few women ever find, particularly if they are glamorous and famous: masculine friendships that know no self-seeking, that do not change with the changing years or changing fortunes.

Joan is not a woman's woman. She doesn't know the devious routes which women take to accomplish their ambitions. Hers is a man's way. It's the difficult way, and the shortest way. She doesn't lend herself to feminine intrigue, but to masculine straightforwardness.

And because Joan has never found temperamental kinship with any of the women she has known, she has, of necessity, turned to the men who have entered her life, who understand the many-faceted personality that she is.

Varied in character, in profession and in position are the men to whom Joan Crawford is a compelling magnet.

There is Franchot Tone, who is admittedly in love with Joan, yet whose love has the flavor of a lasting friendship. If Joan and Franchot were never to see each other again, their interest in each other would not cease. There is Lynn Riggs, a quiet, unassuming, brilliant writer. There is Jerry Asher, whom Joan first met when he was a member of the publicity staff of her studio, and who to-day is becoming one of the most earnest chroniclers of the Hollywood scene. Others who have been in Joan's court and who to-day remain her steadfast admirers, her staunchest

friends, are Alexander Kirkland, Ricardo Cortez, and Robert Young. Even Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been metamorphosed from a husband into a friend. They parted with expressions of mutual regard. When Joan and Doug were no longer in love, there still remained that sincere affection that is the basis of friendship.

When Doug returned to Hollywood last spring after his first sojourn in England, Joan was the first person he telephoned, and to her he undoubtedly confided the state of his heart in relation to Gertrude Lawrence, the British star whose name has been romantically and constantly linked with his. His first evening in town, he hurried out to her house—which had been his also—and Joan showed him over the house, pointing out changes, bringing in the new puppies of his dog, and introducing him fondly to a newer friend, Franchot Tone, with whom he got along very



Famous as both a beauty and an actress, Joan uses no feminine arts to intrigue admirers. Every glamorous woman has admirers. But few have what Joan has—friends who are her friends for life

well. Love had died—but friendship, possibly as important, remained.

Still Friends Ten Years Later

NEITHER distance nor time lessens the staunch interest of men who have had the privilege of knowing Joan. To this day, an old school-day suitor writes to her

every few weeks. It has been all of ten years since Joan Crawford and this chap went places arm in arm. His letters are not the letters of a perennial suitor—or of a man in love who has recovered from it—but, rather, of a man who understands the worth of a woman as a personality. He writes her about himself, about his progress, about his thoughts, of all those small interests that knit two people

together. And he tells her about the shadowy Joan Crawford he sees on the screen. He analyzes her performances. And Joan has only gratitude for the sincerity of his interest.

Joan is a girl whose every feature, whose every movement, whose every mood betray her femininity. Her nature has all the sensitivities of a woman who reacts spontaneously to the beauty of flowers, to the softness of silk. Yet, singularly enough, she meets men on their own (Continued on page 67)



To each one of her court, Joan gives the understanding that his individual nature needs. That is the secret of her friendships with (left to right) Robert Young, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Franchot Tone, Alexander Kirkland and Ricardo Cortez

Have YOU Got the Makings

Six famous funsters tell you what it takes to be a comic

BY GLADYS HALL

WHAT does it take to be a comic? What are the ingredients that go into the making of a famous clown? Nearly everybody who is "the life of the party" suspects that he is a comedian and that all the world should be his stage. Let it be said to one of us "Aren't you a sketch, though?" and we are ready for the motley mantle of Mirth to descend upon us. But do these parlor pranks signify that we could be paid comedians?

We have all read about what it takes to become a dramatic actor, a trapeze artist, a prima donna. There have been "schools" of Bernhardts and Booths. Circus performers train their young to carry on after them as aerialists, lion tamers or whatever the hereditary talent happens to be. Singers practise endlessly. The one form of Art we never hear much about, and know very little about, is the Comic. Are comedians "born" or are they "made"? What must an individual have to be a comedian? What does it take? I decided to canvass the capercutters and find out.

I asked W. C. Fields first of all. And W. C., with his blue eyes shrewd and thoughtful, said, "I can speak only for myself, of course. Comedians are more individual than any other group of performers. No one comedian is like any other comedian—did you ever think of that? Take Chaplin and Lloyd and Durante and Ruggles and myself, among others. We haven't one trait in common. We are totally dissimilar types, in every way. It's the same with the women—there's nothing similar about Zasu Pitts and, say,



being a comedian is this: 'Never have much money.' I know whereof I speak: I once made a lot of money, and I almost fell off the screen and stayed off, as a result. It wasn't until I went broke again that I got back.

"There are two reasons for money's being a handicap to mirth. First, no person can have spontaneous sympathy for the man or woman who is wealthy. There is something about wealth that coats the human heart and makes laughter ring with a metallic sound. There was nothing funny about Midas, you know. He was tragic. And if a comedian doesn't excite your sympathy, you don't laugh at him. You may not have realized this, but it's the truth. Think of Chaplin and Holloway and Butterworth—you really laugh at us all with your mouth twisted with sympathy. It's a fact, or it is for me, that if an audience sits back and remembers that the funny fellow on the stage or screen has a fortune salted away, he has to work a million

times harder to convince them that he's funny.

"Secondly, and most importantly, when a comedian acquires money, he acquires dignity along with it. Dignity is fatal to didoes. He gets the capitalistic paunch and the capitalistic 'er-hum' sort of personality. He cuts coupons, instead of capers. My point is that a comedian



Mary Boland (above): "You must laugh from within" . . . Charlie Ruggles (center): "You must know what makes the other fellow laugh" . . . Jimmy Durante (left): "Supposin' I wasn't rich? Could I be funny like I am now?"

Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver, Louise Fazenda and the others.

Funnier Without Funds

THERE are certain definite formulas for invoking tears—but there is no definite formula for invoking laughter. And so I can only speak for myself. My recipe for



o f a C O M E D I A N ?

should feel as much as possible like the poor monkey who cuts monkey-shines for the peanut that may be flung his way. That's the way *I* feel!"

Everything's Funny to Mary

MARY BOLAND said, with That Giggle of hers, "My dear, the only thing you *must have* to be a comedian is the ability to laugh at everything, everything in the world. If I may say so, I have that ability. I can laugh at death and disaster, at fire and famine, at bankruptcy and affluence, at you and—at myself.

"I was born this way. I laughed at my mother and father when I was a child—and thus escaped most of the punishments I doubtless deserved. Because what can anyone do against perpetual laughter? And, anyway, they had to laugh with me. I laughed at my teachers in school. I laughed in church. I giggled no matter where I was, no matter what befell me, and there were seldom any consequences, because there can't be serious consequences in the teeth of tittering.

"Of course, you have to have a certain technique of your craft. You can't go about laughing immoderately on stage or screen, at the wrong moments. Timing is the important element in professional comedy.

W. C. Fields (right): "My recipe is this: 'Never have much money'" ... Jack Oakie (center): "Don't think you are funny—let the other fellow think it" ... Louise Fazenda (below): "All funny women are clowns with aching hearts"

"Learning how to make your point is another necessity. There is, for instance, one special comedy line, let us say, that carries the big punch. You must know just which word it is in that line that will deliver the punch and you have to know how to put that word over. It takes months, and sometimes years, to



sense the psychological moment, the deft inflection. I am constantly telling myself funny stories and saying over funny lines to see if I can make *myself* laugh! That's the acid test of any comedy.

"But leaving the dry mechanics of the job out of the discussion, you have to be laughing at yourself and within yourself in order to have others laugh with you. You

simply must have a jolly disposition. This is not just a requirement, or an asset; it is the basic necessity. You have to feel that the world is a circus, with popcorn and pink lemonade being passed with every act.

"Laughter is the most contagious thing in the world. You can see others cry, you know, and you do not necessarily cry with them unless you happen to share their sorrow. But you can seldom hear anyone burst into a roar of laughter or give a series of silly giggles without going off yourself. If a comedian has laughter bubbling like a spring from within, it will 'take.' But it has to come from within.

"A comedian should not be married. At least, a comedienne should not. I have never been married. I wouldn't take the risk. There would be too much danger that my husband might not think me funny at all. And if my laughs should fall flat at home, I would lose confidence in myself. Besides, I've laughed at everything for too long. I've laughed myself right away from the altar on more than one occasion. The solemnity of it all has been too much for me. I've laughed at love, I've laughed at proposals of marriage . . . it does strike me funny to see men down on their knees, proposing. Yes, I've laughed myself right out of the things that make the lives of most women, but I've laughed myself right onto the stage and screen. And I even think *that's* funny and so, apparently, does my public. Long may we laugh!"

Schnozzola Thrives on Coupons

JIMMY DURANTE looked at me askance—over his schnozzle—when I asked him what he considered the makings of a comedian. And when (Continued on page 68)



He'll Make Movies That Will Live



Acme

MAX REINHARDT, greatest living master of theatrical production, comes to Hollywood—and thereby hangs an augury of great changes in films. He has just produced the greatest spectacle in theatrical history. And Ernst Lubitsch predicts that when Reinhardt brings it to the screen, it will still be exhibited "long after Hollywood is forgotten"

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

MAX REINHARDT came to Hollywood—and Hollywood came to the "Little Professor." Recognized the world over as the foremost living authority of theatrical production, Reinhardt came to Hollywood to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl, and never in all the history of the stage or screen, has there been such a spectacle.

The kindly little Austrian was fêted and acclaimed by all Hollywood. Up to the time he produced the Shakespearean fantasy, he had failed to impress his genius upon the picture producers. It was whispered that "Reinhardt is too great for pictures."

Then, overnight, the old maestro was deluged with

offers. Every studio in California, it seemed, wanted him. But Warner Brothers won out and his initial job, as a producer-supervisor, will be his old favorite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Reinhardt's old German friend, Director William Dieterle, will handle the camera angles. One thing seems certain: Mickey Rooney will be cast as *Puck*.

With Reinhardt signed, all Hollywood is speculating as to the future. Will his coming prove revolutionary? Will there be a wave of spectacular productions? Will religion, at last, find a place in the motion picture drama? I believe the answer to each question is "Yes."

Impressed By Stupendous Crowds

THERE were tears in the eyes of the old master—"The Little Professor" to his intimates—when I found him in the wings, backstage in the Bowl, where he was waiting for me. He was awed by the vast throng of twenty-one thousand people, now moving slowly out of this perfect theatre, canopied by the stars and en-walled by the eternal hills, after viewing Reinhardt's gorgeous and prānkish production. He stood there, this little genius who had sacrificed everything except honor in leaving Hitler's Germany, shedding tears of joy.

"A thousand times and more have I produced 'The Dream,'" he told me, as he wrung my hand. "All over the world I have produced it, but never, NEVER has there been anything like this. Never such actors, never such a stage, never such lighting, never such crowds. I watch, as these many thousands depart, but these old eyes do not believe. Man, my largest previous audience for a performance of 'The Dream' was three thousand!"

"For months I have been trying to convince myself that the lyricism and poetry of Shakespeare would find an eager audience. Now I am convinced there is a tremendous public for it, on stage or



Portraits by Dick Whittington

Top, J. L. Warner, of Warner Brothers, signs a genius—Max Reinhardt (standing). Above, Mickey Rooney as *Puck*. Right, Walter Connolly as *Bottom*. They thrilled Reinhardt in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; he thrilled 21,000 people

screen. It was expected that the stars of pictures, the producers and the socially elect,

(Continued on
page 63)





K. O. Rahmn

Our MARY Becomes Queen of the Air!

Mary Pickford, the most famous woman in the world already, takes to the radio, and not only adds to her fame, but finds a new interest in life. And here she tells her future plans—on the air, stage and screen. They may amaze you!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

"WE take great pleasure in presenting Mary Pickford and her company! Ladies and gentlemen, the best-known woman in the world is on the air!" Thus the NBC announcer introduced Mary Pickford—America's Sweetheart, the First Lady of the Films—while listeners throughout the country gathered closer to their radios. Until that moment, she had been only a shadow on the screen—but in the next fraction of a second her voice would be heard in millions of homes. What a thrill!

And if you think it was an occasion for you, I wonder what you think it was for Mary Pickford?

I talked with her the day after her first broadcast, out at Pickfair, and she was radiant and en-

thusiastic—flushed and happy with her success in her newest experiment. There were a thousand questions flooding my mind. What were her plans for the future? Didn't she feel that this was a turning point in her life? What was she going to do about the stage play she had planned? Did this mean she would give up pictures?

"How do you feel about being the new Queen of the Air?" I asked first. "What is there about it that is most important to you?"

"I think it is being able to reach millions of people who have probably never seen me before." And then, because I looked surprised that there should be *anybody* who had never seen Mary Pickford, she said, "Oh, yes, think of the thousands of sick people who have been confined to their beds for years—and think of all the *blind* people in the world that I talked to last (Continued on page 62)

Top, Mary Pickford and John Mack Brown rehearse for her second dramatic broadcast—a condensed version of "Coquette"

BY
LARRY
REID

THESE



Jeanette MacDonald, of the golden voice, just can't elude smiling Maurice Chevalier in the merriest version yet of "The Merry Widow"



Gary Cooper has some unhappy moments in "Now and Forever"—and so do Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple, who steals another picture



When "The Count of Monte Cristo" began, Robert Donat and Elissa Landi were to be co-featured. When it was finished, he was starred

THE MERRY WIDOW—M-G-M

Chevalier, MacDonald, Lubitsch—All at Their Best

THIS time, on the screen, the merriest operetta of them all IS an operetta—crowded with mischievous, mad comedy, glamorous with girls and romance, lilting with the original, haunting Lehar music, and having Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald for its light-hearted stars and Ernst Lubitsch as its director. It is the biggest picture, in every way, that Maurice and Jeanette have made, but the real star, I suspect, is the unseen, but always-felt Herr Lubitsch. Those sly little Lubitsch touches, the merry Lubitsch mood, the Lubitsch sparkle and tempo are what make it imperative to put aside all memories of the silent version and see the new one.

The story has been altered a bit, and the alterations add to the zestfulness of the occasion. All the romance is still there, but it has the glamorous, gay unreality of fantasy, the comic-opera touch. It is love-with-a-smile. The golden-voiced Jeanette is a gayer *Sonia* than I remember ever seeing before; Maurice is a blither *Prince Danilo*; and Edward Everett Horton, as the *Ambassador*, Una Merkel as the *Queen*, and George Barbier as the *King*, imitating no one before them, are all inimitable.

The plot, revolving around mistaken identity or, rather, unawareness of identity, is right up the Lubitsch alley. *Sonia*, who holds more than half the money of a mythical kingdom, is outraged by the advances of a bold blade (who doesn't know who she is, since she is masked) and leaves the country. The *King*, vowing death for the villain if ever detected, seeks a cavalier to go to Paris and win her, bringing her back. He picks *Danilo* (who, of course, is the aforementioned culprit). The scene then shifts to Paris, where he meets a vision named *Fifi* (*Sonia*, masquerading), who doesn't know his identity. *Fifi* and "The Merry Widow Waltz" put him in a romantic ecstasy, from which he is rudely awakened by the discovery that he was literally intoxicated and has probably lost her. (This is one of the best scenes in the picture.) Then *Fifi* learns who he is, and he discovers who she is, and to a dungeon he must go. But, this being a comic opera, he doesn't stay there. It's a tonic for anyone, of any age, of any nationality.

NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount

Shirley Temple Cries—and Steals Another Picture

IN "Baby, Take a Bow," Shirley Temple was a cute urchin who made a new man of her ex-convict father and then, with her innocent playfulness, almost sent him back to prison. In "Now and Forever," she is a cute urchin who almost makes a new man of her suave-swindler father, but, with her innocent playfulness, aids his easy way of living. It is a tear-jerker, a bit to the sordid side, as well as to the sentimental, with some well-distributed thrills and laughs, and with Shirley breaking hearts right and left in her crying scenes.

The man she calls "Daddy" this time is Gary Cooper, smooth confidence man, whose operations extend from China through the United States to the Riviera. Sharing his nerve-racking and not-so-easy existence is Carole Lombard, beautiful, poised and his second wife.

REVIEWS OF THE

MOVIES

Suddenly realizing that he has a child by his first wife, he suddenly develops a touch of father-love. Such a touch, in fact, that when the child's grandfather offers him a small fortune if he will give up all rights to her, he refuses. But the hold of the old life is too strong upon him; he can't escape it now. And that means that the little girl is an innocent victim of his moral decay. Somewhere in this, there is a sermon. But of the three stars, Shirley is the only one for whom the story presents a real build-up.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO— United Artists

A Great Old Story—and a New Great Star

TWO talkie versions of pictures in which John Gilbert made great hits in silent days make their appearance this month—and are again successes. One is "The Merry Widow"; the other is "The Count of Monte Cristo," which does the same thing for Robert Donat, from England, that the first version did for Gilbert—making him a star overnight.

When Dumas wrote "The Count of Monte Cristo," it was a great story, and it's still a great story. That's the important part. The best of actors can't do much with a weak story. Dumas' tale has a colorful background, drama, romance, suspense, adventure. And in its newest screen transcription, every one of them is developed to the utmost. It's a long picture, but you aren't aware of the fact until you come out of the theatre and discover the time that has elapsed.

Victim of intrigue and the inhumanity of his fellow-men, *Edmond Dantes* is thrown into a dismal dungeon, becomes a forgotten man. Sharing his fate is a priest, who is tunneling his way to freedom by infinitesimal bits, who educates *Dantes*, and who tells him of a fabulous fortune hidden on the island of Monte Cristo. For years, they inch their way toward freedom, and then, just as they are about to escape, the priest dies. *Dantes* sews himself in his dead friend's burial sack, is thrown into the sea, picked up by some smugglers, finds his way to the island. Armed with wealth and power, he sets out to avenge himself on the three men responsible for his living death in the dungeon. A mystery man, he gives no one but the woman he had loved (*Elissa Landi*) a clue to his identity. As his own agent of justice, he knows bitter triumph, at last finds happiness.

WE LIVE AGAIN—United Artists

Anna Sten Proves She Is a Star

"WE Live Again"—which Tolstoy wrote as "Resurrection" and which the movies have made before, under his title—is another great story, never more appropriately told than now, when justice for the down-trodden is a world cry. And no one has ever told the story more skilfully, more effectively than Anna Sten, who cements her rights to stardom in this, her second American picture, with Fredric March as her co-star. She is definitely one of the great of Hollywood.

This time, she wears no glamorously luxurious gowns. She does not have a seductive rôle. You are not conscious of photographic (Continued on page 82)



In "We Live Again"—once "Resurrection"—Anna Sten ends any possible worries about her future. Fredric March is her soldier-lover



Will Rogers leaves the modern scene to its own devices, and goes back to the 1890's, in "Judge Priest"—which has everything you might want



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire have a new dance ("The Continental") and some good, clean and continuous fun in "The Gay Divorcée"

CURRENT PICTURES

Broadway's Greatest Actor Comes to the Screen

HENRY HULL is more than an actor; he is a magician of make-believe—a genius at turning illusion into reality—and a publicity avoider. He will bring a new kind of hero to the screen—and this tells *how* and *why*!

By ELSIE RAND

THERE'S a reason why Henry Hull is called Broadway's best actor and why he is the greatest movie acquisition of the year, with his Hollywood début—in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations"—impatiently awaited. He borrows the technique of the profession for which he was trained and applies it to the profession which he has chosen.

He is a tradition on Broadway. He has been in more successive hits, in more long-run productions, than any other star. He has turned "sure failures" into sensational successes. The movie-going world, unless all the prophets are wrong, will soon share Broadway's awe of the man. It will see his extraordinary, uncanny ability to present illusion as reality. It will want that ability explained. This is the explanation:

Henry Hull depends on his mind, not his moods, to interpret a rôle, to breathe life into it. When he accepts a rôle, he immediately begins laborious research into the background and thought processes and emotional characteristics of the man whom he must make believable. For four months, he studied his rôle of *Jeeter Lester* in "Tobacco Road"—the play about the poor whites of the South that several producers rejected before it was finally hesitantly presented and enjoyed such startling, phenomenal success on Broadway that it will now be converted into a picture. He read every bit of literature extant about the down-trodden and dispirited, talked to those familiar with the lives of the men of the tobacco roads, until his every thought, his every reaction, his every movement automatically became true and natural to *Jeeter Lester*.

It is Henry Hull's belief that what he is as a man is unimportant. It is this submergence of self, this complete denial of his own foibles and idiosyncrasies, that has given value—and reality—to his characterizations. He doesn't depend on the spell-binding quality of personality;



he relies on the individual qualities inherent in each individual rôle. With him, "the play's the thing." His studio employers, respecting the sureness of his touch, have given him *carte blanche* to interpret his rôles as he sees fit—without direction. If any other actor in screen history has been given that privilege, it's news to Hollywood.

Finds Challenge in a Camera

CONTRARY to stage-actor custom, he considers the camera a greater test of acting art than the footlights. It has been the mode for Broadway actors to assume a slightly superior air to the galloping tintypes when movie money has enticed them to Hollywood. But Henry Hull says:

"You can't hypnotize the camera. You *can* hypnotize an audience to the point where they forget your art and react to voice and gesture. In the theatre, there is a mob psychology in operation, helping you to put over a scene. But the camera is completely indifferent to hypnotism. You must fall back on sheer technique, and pray to the gods that your scene is effective. (Continued on page 72)

"We Would Have Married—"

Thus reveals CAROLE LOMBARD, in this dramatic, poignant interview—her first and only interview—about her love for tragic RUSS COLUMBO, his love for her, their mutual premonitions of tragedy . . .

By SONIA LEE

LAST month, MOVIE CLASSIC told the story of the tragic death of twenty-six-year-old Russ Columbo, screen and radio favorite—killed by the accidental discharge of an antique pistol, thought unloaded. But there is still another poignant story to be told—the story of Carole Lombard, the girl he loved and hoped to marry, who had a strange premonition of tragedy. It is told by Miss Lombard, herself—exclusively to MOVIE CLASSIC—*Editor*.



FOR three weeks before that tragic accident in the home of his closest friend, death had its finger on Russ Columbo. For three weeks, he and Carole Lombard encountered portents, a shadowy something which they could not define, but which laid the mark of fear on them!

These two were bound not only by ties of mutual devotion, but by a curious mental sympathy as well. There was little that affected one that did not affect the other. They knew that something vital, something irrevocable was on the books of life for them.

It began and ended in a curious chain of circumstances. In an amazing interview, Carole revealed to me not only the never-told-before story of her romance with Russ, but also the history of those three terrifying weeks.

"Russ and I loved one another," she told me. "Eventually, I believe, we would have married. How soon, I don't know. His love for me was of the kind that comes very rarely to any woman. I never expected to have such worship, such idolatry, such sweetness from any man.

"He told you once that his love for me was the most important thing in his life. I really believe it was paramount in his thoughts; it even dwarfed his desire for fame and recognition. He was completely content to sit of an evening and just watch me—without saying a word, without moving. He had no life apart from me. He was lost if we were not together."

What Delayed Their Wedding

"IT was this very adoration that delayed our marriage. When Russ would ask me: 'When will you marry me?' I would always answer: 'Pretty soon.' I was not afraid that marriage would in any way define or modify or intensify my love for him; I was afraid that marriage might stultify him with contentment. And I wanted him to accomplish great things, to take his place on the screen as an important actor.

(Continued on page 66)



MOVIE
CLASSIC

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NEWS
SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS



The whole movie colony is paying homage to Max Reinhardt (see page 32). One party at which the great producer met some of the movies' greatest names was that of director Rouben Mamoulian, seen above (left) with Jeanette MacDonald, Anna Sten and director Josef von Sternberg. Contrary to gossip, the two directors are good friends



Acme

Yachting is one sport that is never out of season in California. Here you see (left to right) Franklin Ardell, Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin aboard Joseph Schenck's palatial yacht, *Invader*. You'll soon see Paulette and Charlie together in his new comedy



Wide World

Wedding bells in the near future are predicted for Roger Pryor and Ann Sothorn —whose smiles don't deny it

CONNIE PLANS "SECOND HONEYMOON" WITH HENRI

Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise Fool the "Divorce" Gossips—Have Dramatic Reunion in Paris, Where She Spends Her Vacation Nursing Him Through Dangerous Illness

By JOAN STANDISH

IN any other town in the world, if a husband went away on a long, arduous business trip, leaving his wife at home, not even the neighbors would whisper divorce rumors. But when the Marquis de la Falaise (who happens to be a producer) left Hollywood last January to make a film in the Far East, all the restaurant-gossipers in town had it settled that he and Constance Bennett had parted forever. But Henri and Connie have fooled them—and, as the hero and heroine of a suspenseful and romantic little drama, have got cheers from the crowded gallery.

When Connie began to talk of a trip to France in June, the wisecracks wisely nodded. Of course! A Paris divorce! But Connie, busy on a picture, postponed the Paris trip. Then Hollywood heard that Henri was on his way home—by way of Europe. "They will probably pass each other on the ocean," one newspaper gossip commented. They proved that, as a prophet, he was a poor guesser. And this is how they did it:

With the final retakes on "Outcast Lady" completed, Connie quietly boarded a plane for the East, arriving in New York in time to catch a fast ship by a last-minute gangplank dash, and, a bit out of

"Staying That Way"

breath, telling reporters that she was going abroad to meet her husband, who was returning from the Far East. And, she emphatically added, she wasn't getting a divorce; he wasn't getting a divorce; and, so far as she knew, no one was getting—or even thinking of getting—a divorce. Together, she and her husband would take a short vacation tour of Europe, then return to Hollywood. She invited ship-news men to meet them when they arrived.

When she was within one day of landing at Havre, she received a radiogram, telling her that the Marquis had been taken to the American Hospital in Paris, dangerously ill. His long stay in the jungles of Indo-China had resulted in a complication of malaria, intestinal trouble and a nervous breakdown, which went hard with him. For a week after her arrival, Connie saw nothing of Paris except the interior of his hospital room; she was at his side constantly. As he began to convalesce, she confided to friends that they were planning a second honeymoon. . . .



"People apparently do not like to read about others who are happily married," says the Marquis de la Falaise, commenting on "rift" rumors about Constance Bennett and himself. "But we are—and we are staying that way"

When it became apparent that his complete recovery would be a matter of several months, Connie immediately cast aside all plans for a European vacation tour. She wanted to get Henri back to California and its sunshine. But before they sailed, he wanted her to enjoy a little of the gaiety of the capital that she loves so well. So, on their last night in Paris, Connie and the Marquis, very thin and pale, together with his brother and wife, went to dine at a fashionable restaurant.

As they embarked together, they posed for pictures. To a photographer commenting that they didn't look like a couple on the verge of separation, Henri is reported to have said, "I don't know that anything—even pictures like this—can quash these silly divorce rumors. People apparently do not like to read about others who are happily married. But we are—and we're staying that way."

When they arrived in the United States, they rushed West immediately—to the tonic air of Lake Arrowhead, being accompanied across the country by a trained nurse. Even now the Marquis is far from well. He will have to rest many months before he is again the hale, athletic figure Hollywood knows. Connie's new home, now being finished in Bel-Air, will be the scene of their "second honeymoon," and close friends say that their future plans do not include other long absences by the Marquis to produce travel films. . . .

Meanwhile, his film, made at such cost to his health, is about to be released in America and will give Americans a chance to see his picture-making talents, heretofore identified with the production of foreign versions of Hollywood films. It will demonstrate his long-felt ambition—and his great ability—to be film-famous, himself.

POLA NEGRI RETURNS, BUYS VALENTINO HOME

Polish Star Acquires Long-Empty Falcon Lair, and Will Live Among Memories of Her Romance with Tragic Rudolph—Sets Aside One Room as a Valentino Memorial



Nealson Smith

Falcon Lair, hilltop home of Rudolph Valentino, has been untenanted—except by wind and rain—for the greater part of the eight years since his death. The romantic and superstitious tell of ghostly footsteps in its halls . . .

BY ANN SLATER

BACK from Parisian triumphs, back from pictures in France, plays in New York, and literary work comes Pola Negri, as glamorous as ever—the only actress with the grand manner left in these prosaic days. She had been back in Hollywood only one week when she electrified the town by two announcements. One—that she was to play *George Sand* in "The Life of Chopin." The other—that she was buying Falcon Lair, the lonely mansion Rudolph Valentino built for his wife, Natacha Rambova, high on a mountain top overlooking the terrain from Beverly Hills to the sea.

"It has been one of the big dreams of my life to live in the home of Rudolph," Pola says in that dramatic voice of hers, but with very real tears in her dark eyes, "and now within a month the home will belong to us—Rudolph and me. We shall be happy, living there . . ."

For many years Falcon Lair has been untenanted. Natacha never lived there. Before it was finished, she and the Latin star were separated. But to Pola Negri it is filled with memories, memories of that brief, wonderful romance with Valentino, which death alone interrupted. Every rose-bush had been tended by the two of them together. Through the big, magnificently furnished rooms they had strolled, making plans for changes when they were married. In the gardens, Rudolph had taken miles of motion picture

film of Pola, walking under the trees; and his brother, Alberto, had photographed them both in love scenes intended for no eyes but their own.

"I know Rudolph will be happy that the home where we planned to live after our marriage will soon be ours again," says Pola. "Its atmosphere is hallowed by the spirit of the man I love so much."

She is planning to set one room—the library—apart from the rest as a sort of memorial to Rudolph Valentino, where those who remember him may come to see



"It has been one of the big dreams of my life to live in the home of Rudolph. We shall be happy, living there . . ."

and touch things that belonged to him. She has just purchased all of Valentino's library, many of the books priceless antiques, first editions, autographed by their authors, and she is having them set back on the shelves that have been dusty so long. She has bought a few of his collection of etchings and paintings, and a beautiful console table, and she is searching for other pieces to restore the room to its old dignity.

"In this room is a little secret door," Pola explains. "It could be entered without disturbing the rest of the household. Now the public may enter by that door."

While waiting for the legal formalities of the transfer of title to the house (now held by a bank), Pola is going over the place with decorators, planning to modernize it in making the extensive repairs



"I know Rudolph will be happy that the home where we planned to live after our marriage will soon be ours again"

necessary after such a long tenancy by the wind and rain. Except for a short while, when the Harry Careys rented it, Falcon Lair has been empty for eight years. Legend has whispered that ghostly footsteps have been heard there, and has suggested that perhaps the master of the house still walked its halls.

In the caretaker's cottage behind Falcon Lair now live Alberto Valentino, his wife and son, Jean, who is studying to be an engineer, despite a marked resemblance to the dead star.

Pola dined with them the first evening she was in Hollywood. "I almost wept," she says, "remembering the dinners in the old days—in the grand manner. And then, suddenly, it was the grand manner again—"



Left, Dr. Robert Cornish and his assistants watch for life to return to the dead dog. A camera and microphone caught every detail of the miracle

NEW FILM SHOWS MODERN MIRACLE

Producer Frenke Builds Picture, "Life Returns," Around Scientist Who Made Dead Animal Live

By RAYMOND PALMER

DR. EUGENE FRENKE, director-husband of the glamorous Soviet star, Anna Sten, has just completed the filming in Hollywood of what will probably be the most amazing picture of the year. As a matter of fact, it might well be termed the most amazing picture of all time, for in it is seen the actual performing of what is called the only miracle since Jesus returned from the dead.

In this picture is shown the restoring of life to a dead dog. It is not camera trickery or make-believe stuff, but is the actual performing by Dr. Robert E. Cornish, noted California scientist, of the famous experiment of last April 13, when he took a dog that had been dead for eight minutes and by his uncanny scientific ability restored the spark of life in that dog, which is now living a second time and has returned to an absolutely normal physical condition.

The story of how Dr. Cornish's experiment reached the films is almost as intriguing as the experiment itself. Dr. Frenke, interested for years in resuscitation, went to Berkeley as soon as the news was flashed in the press that Dr. Cornish had achieved what science has been striving to do throughout the ages. And then he discovered that a motion picture record had been made of the life-restoring operation. There was even more than a photographic record. Every word that was spoken during that experiment was faithfully recorded on a sound track.

Dr. Frenke's imagination was fired by it all, and a story idea flashed through

his mind. He had visions of a great film, built around Dr. Cornish, which would not only be tremendously dramatic entertainment, but would carry the scientific message to the world, and would provide Dr. Cornish, a man of modest financial means, with money to go on to the goal he is striving for—the restoring of life to human beings.

He finally succeeded in persuading Dr. Cornish to let him make his film of the

operation a part of a motion picture. And every penny that Dr. Cornish will get from the picture will go into the work of developing his formula for the bringing back to life of men and women who have died from gas poisoning and other causes that do not destroy the tissues of the brain.

Universal Pictures accepted the proposition of Dr. Frenke, and he and James Hogan wrote a story based on the actual life of Dr. Cornish. It is the story of a doctor who gives up everything in life that most men hold dear in order to perfect a life-restoring fluid. It is a story packed with tense, human drama, climaxed by the life-restoring scene. Its title is "Life Returns."

The greatest secrecy surrounded the making of the picture. Dr. Frenke directed it. L. L. Ostrow produced it. No one on the Universal lot, with the exception of those engaged in its making, knew what was taking place on Stage 16. Onslow Stevens, Lois Wilson, George Breakston and Valerie Hobson are in the featured rôles, with Dr. Cornish starred. But all of them merely smiled when questioned about their work.

Now it is revealed that you actually see Dr. Cornish breathing oxygen into the dead dog's mouth from his own. You see him injecting his miracle-working fluid into the dog's spine. And as he and his assistants work with the precision of machines, you hear their tense voices as each reports reactions he has noted.

And then comes the thrilling moment when one of the assistants cries, "He is breathing," and you see the dead dog suddenly stir; gasp—then start a throaty growl that grows into a series of electrifying barks. You see the only restoring of life since Jesus was on earth.



Some day, as a result of Dr. Cornish's experiments, humans may be brought back to life. Above, a scene from the picture, "Life Returns," showing George Breakston, with "his" dog, watching Dr. Cornish in his laboratory

SINCLAIR PLANS MOVIES MADE BY THE UNEMPLOYED

Famous Novelist, Running for Governor on EPIC ("End Poverty in California") Program, Promises to Put California in Film Business, If Elected—Studios May Leave Hollywood, Say Some

By GRANT JACKSON

"STUDIOS May Leave Hollywood If Sinclair Is Elected"—this and similar headlines have been appearing in newspapers throughout the country in recent weeks. Just exactly what do they mean? Simply that the election of a Governor of the State of California has, for the first time, involved the motion picture industry. For some of the spokesmen of the industry assert that if Upton Sinclair is elected, the film industry may leave California.

Sinclair, the author of many novels ("The Jungle," "Oil," "Boston," etc.) is also the author of the EPIC (End Poverty in California) plan. In his campaign pamphlet, "I, Governor of California," he sets forth brilliantly his idea of ending poverty by putting everyone to work. But, according to some of the movie industry leaders, it is a highly visionary and impractical scheme.

He has announced that, if elected, he will put the State government into the motion picture business—not to make money, but to provide employment to jobless movie workers. They, like all other unemployed, will be put to work at the occupation they know best. Farmers, under the EPIC plan, work on farms; factory workers, in factories; movie people, in the movies. The State will take over all the vacant studios and reopen them for production—all of the theatres now closed for lack of business will be used to show such pictures. ("After our people have seen the pictures that we shall make, we will be glad to release them generally, if anyone cares to have them.")

A system of collective bargaining and interchange of necessary commodities will solve the question of poverty, and work for everyone will definitely end unemployment. This is the basis of the EPIC plan, which also calls for a high State income tax and various industry taxes—on the theory that while a greater division of wealth might work great hard-

WOULD OPEN CLOSED STUDIOS



Acme

ships on capital, it would benefit labor.

The free exhibition of pictures in competition with commercially produced films, according to industry leaders, is a minor worry. But this taxation matter, both personal and industrial, is something else again.

A Hollywood trade paper announced that Universal, Columbia, United Artists, M-G-M and Paramount might move to New York. Carl Laemmle, head of Universal, hastened to say: "Please deny . . . that Universal will move its studios out of California if Upton Sinclair is elected Governor, because there is not a word of truth in it. Never in all my years

in motion pictures have I . . . ever cared a rap who was or was not Governor so far as business is concerned." Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, also denied any intentions of moving.


However, the executive head of one large studio says, "Sinclair's election will end California's dominance of motion picture production. Most of the industry will be forced to move to another state. Certainly, this studio contemplates withdrawing immediately, if Mr. Sinclair is the winner." And the production head of another studio has stated, "The election of Upton Sinclair will drive the film industry from California—to New York, Florida or London. It will have to move for its own protection, as it will not be able to exist under his taxation."

Film companies have an estimated investment of more than a hundred million dollars in real estate, buildings and equipment in Hollywood. Regularly employed here annually, exclusive of "extras," are some twenty-eight thousand people. The approximate annual payroll is seventy-five million dollars. Can or will such a healthy business be moved bodily from Hollywood? That remains to be seen . . .

With new developments in film-making, sunlight is no longer necessary for good cinematography.

Films can be made anywhere. But the cost of transporting two hundred and fifty allied crafts somewhere else would be staggering. And then there are the private investments in homes and real estate—\$200,000,000 worth.

Sinclair's candidacy has drawn more international attention than any State election in America in recent years. His EPIC plan is widely endorsed and just as widely criticized. In any event, the interested eyes of the world will be turned toward California on Election Day. You, too, should watch the results, for perhaps they may change the whole future of Hollywood.



"Ellen—
do you like
me?" he began
tentatively when
they returned
from the dance.

- BY YOUR LEAVE**
- From the RKO-Radio Picture
 - Directed by Lloyd Corrigan
 - Based on the Stage Play by Gladys Hulbert and Emma Wells
 - Fictionized by Ethel M. Pomeroy

Frank Morgan.....	Henry Smith
Genevieve Tobin.....	Ellen Smith
Gene Lockhart.....	Skeets
Margaret Hamilton.....	Whiffen
Neil Hamilton.....	David Mackenzie
Betty Grable.....	Frances Gretchell
Glen Anders.....	Freddy Clark
Marian Nixon.....	Andree
Lona Andre.....	Miss Purcell
Charles Ray.....	Leonard

AT forty-two Henry Smith made a startling discovery—life was slipping past! The lengthening shadows of age were reaching enviously toward him! Age. . . . Horrifying thought! At forty-two you weren't old. . . . At forty-two life was just beginning! He looked earnestly into mirrors and wondered if he were no longer attractive to women. Not

that that ever had bothered him before. Hitherto life for him had revolved about two passions—his wife, Ellen, and his business. Now he was discovering a new interest—himself! At forty-two one ought to live. . . . At forty-two adventure beckoned. . . . He felt at once eager and unhappy.

It was Frances Gretchell, a young neighbor of the Smiths, who intensified the unhappiness. Henry had known Frances since she was so high. Now, suddenly, she was seventeen, and a bewilderingly lovely young woman. Henry had asked her to save him a dance at the Country Club costume party that night.

"I'll save a waltz for you, Mr. Smith," Frances agreed cheerfully. "I love the way your generation waltzes!"

"Children certainly can be cruel," Henry commented mournfully, when Frances had gone.

"Well, you asked for it!" That was Whiffen, the Smith family servant, coming in with a drink for Henry. He glared at her.

"Ellen, something's got to be done," Henry burst out when she had gone. "I'm in a rut—you mother

WITH MIDDLE AGE CREEPING UP, HENRY, LONG HAPPILY MARRIED, FINDS DESIRE FOR A FINAL FLING WITH YOUTH IRRESISTIBLE AND PROPOSES A MARITAL VACATION TO ELLEN



the very last straw—to be sent to bed by Whiffen!

"Good night!" Whiffen then retorted, gruffly imitating his voice. She flounced away.

"Let's each of us go away for a week," Henry pleaded, before his courage should ooze away. "We each take four hundred dollars—and no questions asked when it's all over."

Ellen looked at him with a doubting look in her eyes. "Would you stick to that—no questions?"

"You mean you will do it? Oh, darling!"

"What if I should find I preferred staying away?"

Henry brightened. "The whole situation would be fraught with danger!"

"You say that almost gleefully!" Ellen studied him curiously. "What should

me—Whiffen grandmothers me! I've got to—to live! I'm inhibited, Ellen," he muttered. "Terrible things happen to inhibited men—they mumble to themselves! I've got to begin living—all over again!"

Ellen flashed him a casual, tender smile, and went into her room to lay out her costume for the dance. But Henry continued to think—long thoughts. There was that vacation they were planning to take together. . . . There were those tiles they were planning to buy for the bathroom—cherry and gray—very expensive. . . . Suppose they put that money with their vacation money—that would be eight hundred dollars—four hundred dollars apiece. . . .

He brought up the subject again, when they returned home from the dance.

"Ellen—do you like me?" he began.

"I love you, darling." Ellen put away the tray of sandwiches Whiffen had left out for them. Straightened up the room.

Henry looked at her sadly. "How very casually you say that," he complained. "Are we too familiar to each other? I never worry about losing you any more," he mused.

"Aren't you glad," She plumped up the sofa pillows.

"I don't think so. . . ."

"Darling! You mean you are tired of me?"

"Nonsense!" He rose. Sighed. "I will always love you—but—I need to have my ego restored. . . . I need a new slant on things. . . . Ellen—I need a vacation. I want to go away—alone."

Ellen gasped, "Henry!"

"Don't get sentimental," he begged. "Ellen, we need a basis of comparison. If I kissed another girl, I would probably remember how much sweeter it is to kiss you. Don't you understand?"

No longer did Ellen Smith busy herself with deft little touches about the room. Thoughtfully she gazed at her husband. "It seems to me that I understand too well," she said at last.

"Didn't you ever wish you were single?" Henry pursued.

"Why don't you go to bed—let a body sleep!" In her prim nightgown Whiffen stood in the arched doorway, glaring at him.

"Good night!" Henry exclaimed savagely. It was

Henry makes suitable preparations to entertain his rented lady-of-the-evening, while Freddie deftly arranges for her with the Hostess Bureau

we tell Whiffen?"

"Nothing," Henry said firmly. "It would be a joy to keep her curious! She could keep us posted through the office. We could call up there every day or so. . . . Is it settled?"

"All right—it's settled." Ellen stood very straight, her blue eyes level.

"That's fine!" Henry beamed. "Now let's put out the cat and go to bed."

"You go to bed," Ellen responded.

"I'm going to stay up a while. You're ahead of me in your planning."

Contentedly Henry went. For a long time he lay in his bed, making vague, indefinite, alluring plans. At last happily he fell asleep, a smile on his face.

For a long time Ellen sat in the living-room before the fading embers of the fire. It was as if she were seeing the long years of her life with Henry crumble into a chill, grey ash before her unhappy eyes. What did a woman do in such a situation? You read such stories constantly. . . . But now it was new, strange, frightening. . . . When at last she rose and went to her room, there were traces of tears on her face.

"Why don't you do what he's doin'?" Whiffen suggested suddenly one evening, when Henry had



been gone a couple of days. She had been watching her mistress with very grave concern, trying to interject herself into the growing silences.

"What is he doing?" Ellen asked vaguely.

"I don't know . . ." Whiffen gazed at her. "But I'd do it, just the same!"

For a moment Ellen looked at her thoughtfully. For her these two days had been interminable—strange, blank, and without meaning. What was Henry doing? Suddenly she drew herself up. Dried her eyes. "I think, perhaps—" she said, "yes—maybe I will . . ."

For Henry the beginning of his marital holiday was inauspicious. He had begun by inviting his pretty secretary, Miss Purcell, to the theatre. Miss Purcell had accepted eagerly—for herself, and her unsuspected husband, Leonard! Failing on that score, Henry had sought out the



Above, Whiffen, the self-important family servant, voices her strong disapproval of the Smiths' proposed vacation-on-the-loose

University Club. There he had fallen in with a young man called "Skeets," who, apparently permanently inebriated, had hailed Henry as a fellow alumnus of Harvard, although Henry had graduated from Cornell. However, Skeets proclaimed that he knew Gloria Dawn of the Varieties. He would get Gloria, and Gloria would bring along a friend for Henry, and they would go to a show, a night club . . .

It sounded vastly intriguing to Henry. He was all a-dither for the date. But once again disappointment dogged his steps. Merle, Gloria's friend, found Henry "an old fuss-budget"—although happily Henry did not discover that immediately. He had left the group to call a taxi, when he ran into Miss Purcell and Leonard. Of course they had to stop and tell him how much they had enjoyed the show to which he had treated them. They were in New York just for the day, they told him. Henry explained that he was in town because of his great interest in helping talented little dancers to get along in the show business. It sounded impressive, Henry thought. He enlarged upon it, describing Merle's clever dance in the Varieties.

"She is entirely dependent on me for advice and information," he proclaimed proudly. "I must join them now—they are waiting for me."

He turned—to see Gloria, Skeets and Merle gaily driving off in a taxi, without him.

Morosely he went back to the University Club. Forty-two. . . . And who wanted him. But he couldn't give up yet. . . . What should he do now?

Suddenly a voice hailed him. Freddie Clark, a neighbor of the Smiths in Larch-Hills, had come in. Henry didn't think a great deal of Freddie.

He was always spreading flowery compliments at Ellen's feet. True, they had known him always. It didn't mean anything to Ellen. . . . But . . . Henry sighed. Besides, Freddie wasn't married. . . . He could do anything he wanted to . . .

Freddie regarded him curiously. Questioned him deftly. At last, casually, he inquired whether Henry would like a lady's company that evening.

Henry brightened. "Yes, I certainly would—though I'm paralyzed to hear myself say so!" he admitted feebly.

"Just a minute . . ." Freddie sat thinking. "Where's Ellen?"

"I told her to come to town, too," Henry explained.

"Is she to enjoy the same freedom?"

"Women don't need the same kind of reassurance that we men do," Henry hedged.

"Aren't you taking quite a risk—with Ellen?" Freddie suggested, after a moment.

"A risk is better than the state I had reached," Henry asserted.

"Well—these things can always be arranged." Freddie rose and went to the phone book. After some study he called up "*Hostess Incorporated*." "A friend of mine, here all alone," Freddie said smoothly into the receiver, as one who frequently had attended to such matters, "would like to have a diverting companion for dinner, the theatre and dancing."

"For Heaven's sake!" Henry gasped, paling.

But Freddie continued to talk over the phone, making arrangements. "What hotel are you stopping at?" he asked Henry.

"The Royale . . ."

"The Royale," Freddie said into the phone. "All right. Send her over." Then, smiling, he accompanied the dithering Henry back to his hotel suite. "M-m-m-m," he commented drily as they entered.

"This place certainly reeks of rendezvous, Henry!" Henry looked disturbed. "You—you think it's all right?"

"In a pinch, yes. . . . How's your smoking-jacket?"

Henry rushed into his bedroom to ascertain. While he fumbled with his bags, Freddie shamelessly called up Whiffen. Demanded to know Ellen's whereabouts.

"I ain't supposed to tell anyone, Mr. Clark," Whiffen shouted over the phone. "She's stopping at The Winston. . . . Uh-uh."

"Thank you for your directions about the Mrs.," Freddie said, as Henry came back into the room. "You're an angel in the most amazing disguise!"

Henry held up his jacket for Freddie's inspection. But he looked at Freddie thoughtfully. "A Mrs.," he said. "Dangerous business, Freddie. . . . If you get in any trouble over it, lemme know. I'll help—"

"That would be too broad-minded of you, Henry," Freddie smiled. "Well—prepare, Henry, for your guest. . . . Champagne, flowers, and—" he looked at Henry's smoking-jacket, "you should have a *silk* smoking-jacket, Henry." He started toward the door.

"Don't go—please!" Henry entreated him in sudden fright.

"You'll be all right," Freddie said nonchalantly, and went out, leaving Henry with the feeling of going alone into desperate danger.

Flowers . . . Champagne . . . Silk smoking-jacket. . . . Henry telephoned the bell-captain, the florist, the men's shop in the hotel—mixing up his orders till he himself scarcely knew what he wanted. Like a distracted fly he buzzed about the room. He plumped up the pillows on the divan. He squashed down the pillows. He tried out the divan. He emptied the ash trays. A ring at his door nearly sent him into a collapse. But it was only a bellboy with an enormous wreath!

"Florist says this is the best he can do," the bellboy explained, setting down the wreath.

Another bell. Another near collapse. This time it was the waiter with a table and the champagne.

Followed a tailor with a silk smoking-jacket. "We haven't a royal blue, sir," the tailor said. "But this cerise is very popular."

Frantically Henry got rid of them all. Frantically seized his hat. He must escape from this place, before *she* came!

But at the elevator door he met her. Panicky and embarrassed he stammered out a question. Yes—it was *She*! Still more panicky, he seized her arm. Thrust her into the elevator. "Ah—er—shall we go for a drive," he suggested. And she agreed.

Hesitantly he stole a look at her, trying to recover his poise. She was beautiful—and very young! He caught his breath. Looked at her sharply. She, too, was trying to appear at ease, trying to appear worldly-wise and sophisticated. But she, like himself, was a novice at this game, Henry felt sure. He'd bet she never had gone out like this before!

They sat stiffly in the seat of the taxicab.

"Er—you look nice. . . ." Henry said. "If you don't mind my saying so."

"Mind?" She looked at him earnestly. "It's imperative to me that you do say so!"

"Yes. . . . Yes, indeed. . . ."

"You're a little self-conscious," the girl said pleasantly, after a moment. "It's perfectly understandable. I am, myself."

"That's too bad," Henry managed.

"But I want you to know that my only desire is for your entertainment. My name is Andree. . . . Well—really, it isn't Andree, but I chose it for its *flair*.

It's easy to say and seems more intimate than my own."

"It's a nice name," he said brightly.

"Do you want to tell me yours?"

"Henry—Henry Smith." He offered her his card.

Andree studied it curiously. "Larch-Hills," she murmured. "I'll send you a Christmas card. . . . Oh—you're in the insurance business. . . ."

That gave Henry a lead. He discoursed volubly on the insurance business. Facts and figures rolled fluently from his tongue.

At last the taxi driver interrupted the flow. "Shall I drive around the park again?" he inquired.

"Sure," Henry said quickly.

But Andree put in: "No—drive down to Fifty-ninth Street, to *Walter and Charlie's*." She turned to Henry. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Oh—of course—if you are," he agreed.

She snuggled a little closer. "And a little drink?" she suggested. "And a little dance?"

Henry felt his face grow warm. "You bet!" he said, embarrassed.

Having neither plans nor desires, Ellen's first day in town was neither thrilling nor disappointing. She window-shopped. Gazed somewhat longingly at a smartly modelled frock. Then, remembering the bathroom tiles, she passed by.

As she turned away from the intriguing window she came face to face with an old school-mate, who had long been living in the city. "Laura!" she cried, overjoyed to see a friendly face in town.

"Ellen!" They embraced each other. Exchanged a flurry of questions and replies. Henry, Ellen explained hastily to her, was away on a business trip.

"You must lunch with me at my hotel, my dear," Laura insisted. "With me and David



Henry recounts the high-lights of his spree but Ellen remains non-committal about hers

Mackenzie, the explorer."

"You don't mean *our* David Mackenzie is the David Mackenzie—"

"Home Town Boy makes good on three continents," Laura said. "Come on."

It was exciting, seeing David again. Ellen was conscious of a little thrill as he looked at her admiringly. She wished she had bought that frock. . . . She hadn't seen David since she was married. He was here on a lecture tour. It was stimulating, talking with him, hearing of his travels, his exciting adventures. He asked her to come to his lecture that afternoon—"though I'll probably bore you," he admitted modestly.

Ellen would not promise to come. "I have an engagement," she lied. "But perhaps I can break it. I'll telephone. . . ." She stole away and phoned to Whiffen.

No, Whiffen reported, Mr. Smith hadn't phoned. She had called the office, and they hadn't seen "hide nor hair" of him.

Somewhat doubtfully Ellen left the phone booth. Then her face brightened. She would go to David's lecture.

She was glad she had. Afterward they talked together till an impatient movement from the janitor, waiting to lock up, reminded them that everyone else long since had left. David urged her to go to dinner with him. Afterward he would show her the small yacht, on which, in a few days, he was to sail for further adventuring in far countries.

"No—thanks. I'm sorry," Ellen said hesitantly.

"Why not?" he urged. "I'm at the Waldorf. It would be very proper."

"I can't. . . . It's sweet of you to ask me. . . ."

He looked at her earnestly. "I shan't see you again, then."

"No. . . . When do you sail?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"Well—I'm so glad I—heard you—before you left," Ellen said at last, awkwardly.

"So am I—sure you can't—"

"Goodbye. . . ." She held out her hand.

"Goodbye," he said regretfully. And stood, looking after her, as she walked swiftly away.

In her room at the hotel she called Whiffen again.

"Are you sure?" she asked incredulously, as Whiffen gave her the same message. "You called the office? . . . And he hasn't phoned home at all? . . ." With a sigh, she hung up. Then, resolutely, she jiggled the hook again. "Operator? Get me David Mackenzie, at the Waldorf."

A knock at the door startled her. "Come in," she called casually. Then looked up, amazed, as Freddie Clark strolled in, beaming at her. "How did you find me?" she asked.

"Very difficult," Freddie burbled. "Very sleuthy and clever. More I cannot divulge!"

"Now as to *why*?" Ellen probed.

"Well—I gathered you were—er—vacationing. . . . I was shaken by the memory of your charms. . . . I wondered—"

"You're sure Henry didn't send you?"

"Oh, good heavens, no!" Freddie grinned happily.

"I thought maybe he'd worry about my being lonesome." Ellen sighed. He hadn't worried! He hadn't cared what she did! And what was he doing now? She bit her lips. "Freddie—you must go," she said, after a moment, as he surveyed her smilingly. "I have an appointment with—a tailor. . . . And I must go out to buy—some toothpaste."

"Shriekingly untrue," Freddie commented.

"I hoped it would sound so!" She giggled.

"Just one thing—are you, by any chance, being a brave little woman?"

"You have guessed it! Though eaten with despair and awash with tears, I am carrying on."

"Ellen, please have dinner with me."

"I can't—and you really must go now."

"I shall lurk in the hall," he threatened.

"Do, dear—I would love it!"

Impressively he kissed her hand. "Goodbye, Ellen," he said. Then, as the phone rang, "Shall I answer it?"

"No!" she seized it from him. "Hello. . . . Oh, just a moment—" she turned. "Freddie—will you leave the room—quietly?"

"At this psychological moment? Never!"

Ellen turned back to the phone. "Hello," she said again. "This is Mrs. Smith—Ellen. . . ."

"My—my," Freddie murmured mockingly.

"Curse you, Freddie!" She flashed him a furious glance. Then, trying to overcome her embarrassment, she spoke to David Mackenzie. "Will you—that is—may we keep that engagement you proposed?"

His voice came eagerly over the phone. "Of course! It will be tremendous!"

She gave him the name of her hotel, and he promised to call for her. Then determinedly she faced Freddie. "Goodbye, Freddie," she said firmly. "Come and see us some time."

"You haven't fooled me, you know." He shook his head.

"I haven't even fooled myself!"

He grinned at her. "Goodbye, darling—and congratulations."

When he was gone, at last, Ellen felt suddenly unsure of herself. Then, with a shrug, she opened her little memorandum book. Drew a pencil line through the notation: "*Tiles*." Then, going to the phone, she called the modiste's shop.

Henry grew more and more uneasy about Andree. . . .

He didn't like "*Walter and Charlie's*." When they arrived at the door, he heard Skeets' voice lifted in song. Hastily he proposed that they go to his hotel suite instead. He didn't feel like dancing, he declared.

Andree was docile. But in the suite her eyes fell on the bottle of champagne. "I need it," she explained. "Something quite lovely happens to me, when I drink. I am freed."

"You seem quite free to me," Henry muttered, pouring the wine. Nervously he ordered dinner sent up to the suite. What would they do now? He couldn't think of anything he hadn't told her about the insurance business!

Andree sat on the divan, leaning back with half-closed eyes. "Are you unhappily married, Henry?" she asked suddenly. "I am so terribly anxious to help you. Sit down by me—put your head in my lap."

He perched uneasily on an arm of the divan. (Continued on page 75)



"I don't want the evening to end," David said. "You're so lovely, Ellen. . . . You glow."



Pip stood in Joe Gargery's little cottage and stared with awed amazement at Mr. Jaggers. Some unknown benefactor had endowed him with a fortune! He stared at Joe, whose bewildered eyes met his dumbly. It couldn't be real—and yet the lawyer's words seemed still to echo startlingly, incredibly through the small room . . .

"You mean—" Pip stammered incredulously, at last, "I'm to—to leave Cooling?"

"You are to go to London," Jaggers stated pompously, "to be educated as a gentleman. In a word, as a young fellow of great expectations."

Pip gasped. Overcome, Joe sank down in a chair.

"Who—who sent you here, sir?" Pip ventured, his blue eyes wide with wonder.

"The name of your benefactor remains a secret, until that benefactor chooses to reveal it." Jaggers carefully avoided saying "he," or "she." "If you have any suspicion, keep it to yourself. Is that understood?"

"Ye-yes, sir," Pip managed. Who could it be? he wondered. Miss Havisham? Who else? It must be she! When he was a small boy the eccentric spinster had sent for him to come to the big estate where she lived in morbid seclusion, to be a playmate for her ward, Estella. There, for the first time, Pip really glimpsed

loss of the little child what come to the forge—and ever the best of friends—" Joe choked.

They had been friends. . . . Often Joe had stood between him and his sister's wrath. Pip rushed to put his arm about his brother-in-law. He felt Joe's shoulders shake. "We'll go on being the best of friends, Joe," he asserted passionately.

But already the small, familiar room looked strange to him. . . . The only life he ever had known mysteriously seemed ended. . . . His very identity seemed subtly to have altered, as the lawyer spoke. He—Pip—to be rich. . . . To be a gentleman. . . . He thought of Estella. . . . Perhaps, now, Estella would be more kind to him. . . . Beautiful Estella. . . . Cold, cruel Estella. . . . Pip's heart turned over strangely, remembering. . . . But Estella wouldn't be in London. . . . She, too, had grown up now. . . . She had gone to Paris, to a finishing-school. Pip had seen her, the day she left, when the coach had stopped at the smithy's. . . .

"It's

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

a more
gracious way of
life — and ever since
secretly had cherished in his
heart the longing to be a gentleman.

Because of Estella. . . . And now . . .

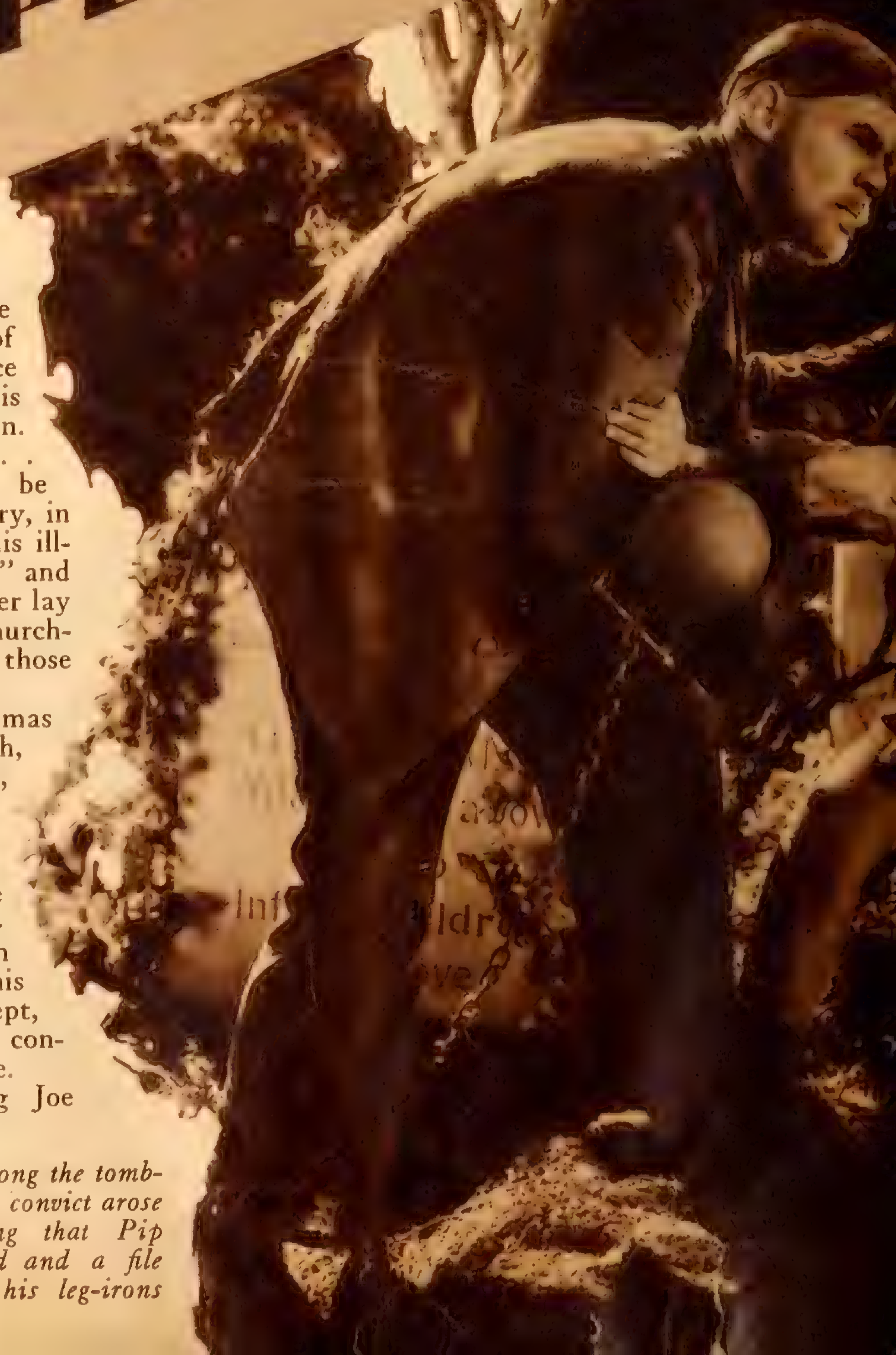
Pip tried to think clearly. No longer to be apprenticed to his kind brother-in-law, Joe Gargery, in the smithy. . . . No longer to be tormented by his ill-tempered sister, who had "brought him up by hand" and a hard hand, too!—ever since his father and mother lay in the churchyard. . . . No longer to visit the churchyard, to confide his troubles and his longings to those who slept in the moss-covered graves . . .

A picture rose in his mind. . . . A snowy Christmas eve. . . . The horrifying, escaped convict, Magwitch, who had risen startlingly from among the tumbled, time-worn stones. . . . Pip had fled home to fetch the demanded food and the file to sever the leg-iron. . . . Joe had saved him a beating, when the loss of the pork pie had been discovered. . . . The convict had been caught, afterward—fighting desperately with another escaped prisoner, Compeyson—willing to be taken again, rather than to allow his hated enemy to escape to freedom. . . . Pip had wept, pityingly, when they seized Magwitch, and the convict had looked at him with profound gratitude.

Jaggers was still speaking. He was offering Joe money for the loss of his apprentice's services. Joe was hotly repudiating the offer.

"If you think as how money could make compensation to me for the

From among the tombstones the convict arose demanding that Pip fetch food and a file to sever his leg-irons





Often Joe had stood between Pip and his sister's wrath

OVER PIP AND ESTELLA HOVERED TWO VERY STRANGE SHADOWS—
THAT OF THE AGED AND MORBID RECLUSE, MISS HAVISHAM, AND,
QUITE UNKNOWN, THAT OF THE HORRIFYING CONVICT, MAGWITCH

your last chance—" the lawyer was saying.

Joe rubbed his eyes with his hairy wrist. He rose. "Last chance for what?" his voice rumbled menacingly.

"To take the present I was instructed to offer you, for—"

"Get out!" Joe roared. "I mean to say that what I say I stand or fall by!"

Jaggers put on his hat. He turned to Pip. "If you want to be a gentleman, the sooner you leave this house, the better!" And the door banged behind him.

Even so, Pip thought, the door

had sharply closed upon his old life. And now the new life began, flowing swiftly into a new routine.

Feeling somewhat strange and awkward in the resplendent clothes which Jaggers had provided for him, Pip wistfully said goodbye to Joe. . . . Goodbye to his sister, no longer formidable in her wheel chair, to which she had been confined since Joe's half-wit helper, Orlick, had struck her down in a mad rage at her searing scorn of his stupidity. . . . Goodbye to Biddy, the sweet country girl who had come to care for Mrs. Joe, and had been a friend and companion to Pip. . . . And then, with Jaggers, he went to take his leave of Miss Havisham.

She summoned him to her room. "How fine you look, Pip," she said, touching his brave new suit with her crutch, as if it were the wand with which she, as his fairy godmother, had so transformed him.

Pip gazed at her intently. "I have come into good fortune, Miss Havisham," he said hesitantly. "And—I am so grateful for it!" He missed the strange, malicious gleam in her eyes as she smiled at him.

"I have heard about it, Pip, from Mr. Jaggers. . . . So you are adopted by a rich person?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Not named?"

"No, Miss Havisham."

"Well—be good. Deserve it. And abide by Mr. Jaggers' instructions." With a look of mocking triumph she stretched out her hand. "Goodbye, Pip."

As the coach moved down the street of the little village which had been his whole world, Pip looked back wistfully. There had been tears in Joe's eyes. . . . But he had waved gaily; lustily he had shouted: "Goodbye, Pip!"

But the thrilling, unaccustomed journey revived Pip's drooping spirits. As the ribbon of road unwound before them, he watched eagerly, his head whirling with happy dreams. London confused and alarmed him somewhat, with its vastness, its strangeness and con-

- Adapted from the Universal Picture
- Directed by Stuart Walker
- Based on the novel by Charles Dickens
- Fictionized by M. D. Malcolm

Henry Hull.....	Magwitch
Phillips Holmes.....	Pip
Jane Wyatt.....	Estella
Florence Reed.....	Miss Havisham
Van Hule.....	Joe Gargery
Macla Otisano.....	Mrs. Joe
Francis L. Sullivan.....	Jaggers
Walter Armitage.....	Herbert Pocket
Harry Cording.....	Orlick
George Barraud.....	Compeyson
Philip Dakan.....	Bentley Drummie
Eddy.....	Valerie Hobson

fusion. But soon they were settled in a room at the Inn, and Jaggers was introducing him to a youth of his own age.

"This is Herbert Pocket," the lawyer said. "You are to share bachelor rooms with him. His father is to be your tutor."

Pip stared. Herbert Pocket! Surely this was the boy who once had visited Miss Havisham, when they were children—a relative of hers.

Young Pocket stared, too. "Bless me!" he exclaimed. "You are the boy I fought with at Miss Havisham's!"

"And you are the young pugilist who challenged me!"

Both laughed delightedly with the recognition.

Pip found it hard to believe that he really was going to London!



"I have come into good fortune, Miss Havisham," Pip said

"All the better, since you know each other," Jaggers commented drily. "I have to get back to Court. I want you both to dine with me at my house, this day week." He held out his hand to Pip. "Come to my office whenever you need money. Of course you'll go wrong somehow—but that's no fault of mine." With a nod to Herbert, he hurried off.

Relieved of his presence, the two youths laughed again, remembering their encounter.

"That was before Miss Havisham decided to become your benefactress, wasn't it?" Herbert said.

Pip looked serious. "I've been forbidden to inquire the source of my good fortune," he said.

"All right," Herbert grinned. "You won't ask me—

and I won't ask you—but we'll both know it!"

They got on famously together. Pip confided to Herbert his nervousness, his ignorance of the behaviour befitting a gentleman, and Herbert tactfully took advantage of occasions to teach Pip proper manners.

They spoke of Estella, for whose favor they had fought so long ago, and again Pip felt that strange throb in his heart when Herbert assured him that without doubt Miss Havisham intended him for Estella.

"It's wonderful of you not to begrudge me my luck, Herbert," Pip declared admiringly, "and above all not to begrudge me Estella."

"Pooh!" Herbert waved his cigar grandly. "I consider I've had an escape."

"An escape?" Pip looked shocked.

"Estella," Herbert explained, "has been brought up by Miss Havisham to reap revenge on all the male sex."

"But why?" Pip was bewildered.

"She fell in love with an adventurer. . . . He induced her to put a great part of her fortune in his name. Then, on the wedding day, he wrote her that he already had a wife—that he never had wanted anything of her but her money."

"Poor woman!" Pip nodded thoughtfully. "But what about Estella?"

"Miss Havisham adopted her, soon after this."

"Who were Estella's parents?"

"No one knows—and no one cares." Herbert shrugged. "She is an heiress now."

At dinner at Jaggers' home, Pip managed to conduct himself without obvious embarrassment. It would have been a pleasant occasion, save that Pip took an intense dislike to another young man who was present. And Bentley Drummle, fashionably dressed and arrogant, since he was the son of a baronet, displayed open contempt for the young blacksmith who would be a gentleman. But Pip managed to maintain his composure. Jaggers' housekeeper, Molly, was a strange creature, Pip thought, gypsy-like, and with an air of wildness. Pip noted her powerful wrists, her scarred hands, and shivered. However did Jaggers come to have such a woman as his housekeeper, he wondered. He hoped that he would not have to go there often—though Jaggers was his legal guardian, and Miss Havisham's lawyer. He sighed. It would take him a long time to become a gentleman, Pip feared.

But one day a letter came from Estella, filling him with a heady excitement. She was coming to London. . . . She wanted him to meet her. . . . He scarcely could contain his eagerness as he waited in the falling snow for the arrival of the coach. At first he thought she had not come, and his heart contracted sharply. Then. . . . But this handsome, fashionably dressed young woman, her face half hidden in a great collar of fur. . . . Could it be?

"Estella!" he cried, hesitantly. Then: "I didn't recognize you!"

"Pip! I wouldn't have known you, either—it's nearly three years. . . ."

"And you're a woman now." Awed, he took her slim, small hand in his.

"And you're a gentleman!"

Pip led her into the Inn, and there, at a table set cosily before the fire, they had tea together. Pip devoured her with his eyes. How beautiful Estella was! How he worshiped her. . . . He searched her eyes eagerly, in the hope of discovering in them some answering emotion, but she only smiled coolly back.

"I'm so glad that you wrote me to meet you!" He sighed rapturously.

"It wasn't my idea—it was Miss Havisham's," Estella said.

Pip smiled ruefully. "How could she part with you, so soon after your return from Paris?" he asked.

"She has her plans for me." Estella poured out the tea. "I'm to live with a lady in Richmond, who will introduce me to society."

"You won't care for them—" Pip looked at her with an access of jealousy. "You'll be just a butterfly—and a flirt!"

"Why not?" Estella sipped her tea. "That's what I was brought up for."

"The worst of it is—you'll like it!" Pip sprang up. He stood, leaning disconsolately against the mantel.

"Your manners are not so much improved as I had thought."

"No . . ." He looked chagrined. "The veneer is very thin. . . . The blacksmith shows through."

Estella rose and came toward him. Softly she laid her hand on his arm. "You are vastly changed for the better, Pip," she murmured.

Encouraged, he seized her hand and kissed it.

She smiled. "Do you kiss my hand in the same spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek—a spirit of contradiction?"

"If I say 'yes'—may I kiss your cheek again?" He drew her suddenly close as, with cruel calm, she lifted her cheek for his kiss. "Estella!" he pleaded desperately. "Give me your lips! Give me your heart—"

"Will you never take warning?" Estella drew away. "I have no heart."

"That's not true!"

"Oh, I have a heart to be stabbed in, or shot in—if it ceased to beat, I'd die. . . . But there's no softness in it—no sympathy, no sentiment—no such nonsense."

"I won't believe you!" Pip declared stoutly.

"For your own good—believe me."

"I know better," he insisted. "You're afraid of love—because you have been taught to fear it."

Reluctantly, at last, he helped her into the carriage which was to take her to her chaperone's. Then slowly, thoughtfully, he returned to the rooms he shared with Herbert. Longing to unburden his heart, he confided in Herbert.

"I knew it. . . ." Herbert spoke placidly. "But there's no doubt that Miss Havisham intends you to be Estella's husband. I wouldn't worry, old fellow. . . ." He sighed. "I wish I stood as close to matrimony as you do. . . ."

Amazed, Pip begged for Herbert's confidence. He, too, was in love, Herbert told him. Her name was Clare. . . . But he couldn't dream of marriage till he could find some way of establishing himself in business.

Pip looked at him thoughtfully. A longing to help Herbert, who had been such a good friend to him, grew warm in his heart. He must find some way. . . .

Time slipped by. . . . And, since Miss Havisham wished it, he often saw Estella. Together they rode horseback in Hyde Park. How ravishing Estella looked, Pip thought ecstatically, in her long riding-habit and plumed hat. . . . How adorable—and how invariably cold! Together they went punting on the Thames—and to Pip the lovely river, the water-lilies and the swans, were but a frame for Estella. . . . Together they danced at pleasant parties given for Estella by her chaperone. . . . Together—yet never together! Always separated by a wall of Miss Havisham's building, the steely wall of hostility to

any tender emotion, which held them hopelessly apart.

Jealously Pip watched her with other men who eagerly sought her favors. Especially was he jealous of Bentley Drummle, who, with his habitual arrogance, became more and more frequently her esquire. It seemed to Pip that Estella, who lured on other men merely to laugh at their eventual discomfiture, was less openly hostile to Drummle. He was heir to a title. . . . She the heiress to a great fortune. . . . What more natural alliance? And yet—Pip thought hotly—what more revoltingly unnatural, since love entered not at all into it!

One evening, as they danced together, he drew her aside to the embrasure of a curving window. He must talk with her—plead with her. . . .

"If I don't pretend," Pip thought, "I shall be his murderer!"



"It's death!" Magwitch said. "Caution is necessary, Pip!"

Estella gazed at him curiously. "You look happy to-night, Pip," she mused.

He smiled. He was happy. . . . He had just passed his twenty-first birthday. Jaggers had come to him, giving him a check for five hundred pounds, which, he assured him, was to be his annual income until his benefactor should choose to be revealed. Pip's first act had been to arrange with Jaggers that, without knowing the source of the fund, enough money should be set aside to establish Herbert in business, so that he and Clare might marry. . . . Joe had come to visit him—dear Joe! Pip longed to do something for him, but there was nothing he could do.

(Continued on page 76)

The Movies Capture JOE PENNER...

And the duck that lays the Golden Eggs

MEET Joe Penner, the exponent of good, clean waggery, who has made America duck-conscious, has taught a nation new vocal acrobatics, and has become the most imitated man in forty-eight amused States. Housewives, serving more duck dinners, tease their husbands with "Wanna buy a duck?" Husbands, confronted with bills they didn't expect, adopt the Penner baffled bleat, "Don't ever *do* that!" And youngsters—well, the envy of any neighborhood is the one who can drop his tongue halfway down his throat and gurgle, "Yo, yo, yo."

Why? Well, largely because Joe Penner is a guy worth imitating. And that goes double in real life. His zany antics on the radio—his perpetual presence on the victim's end of a joke, his ludicrous, indignant inflections, his outlandish chortle—can't hide the bashful, sensitive Joe.

Hollywood didn't have any comedian who was mimicked the way this shy, funny fellow is—so it raided radio and got him. He gave the air waves something new, and he'll give the screen something new—because he's a different kind of fellow in real life. Here's the proof!

By THORNTON SARGENT

Hollywood, which welcomed him with the clamor and acclaim that befit a radio star of his vast popularity, doesn't know what to make of him. It was prepared for a cocky, self-assured comic and found, instead, a retiring chap who said, "I want to start in pictures at the bottom and work up." But, of course, Hollywood doesn't know Joe Penner from 'way back. It doesn't know the rebuffs, the disappointments and the heart-breaks that he has received in the course of his career. And a man who can come through it like Joe Penner—well, take it from me, he deserves the golden eggs that his duck has laid.

He hasn't tried to forget those early heartaches in a burst of ostentation. He may still wear his heart on his sleeve and a shy grin on his face, but he doesn't flaunt his success. Except for a slightly bigger waistline and a much bigger reputation, the Joe Penner I saw the other day at the Paramount Studios (where he is making his movie debut at the top of the cast of "College Rhythm") was the same Joe Penner I knew years ago—with pink cheeks, a huge cigar sticking out of the corner of his mouth, and a head that bobbed up and down with embarrassment.

They Can Spot Him Already

"**C**OME on, let's go where we can talk," he muttered, and we headed for a little café across the street. Half-way across, our progress was halted by an army of youngsters. They screamed. They yelled. "Mr. Penner... Mr. Penner... let me have your autograph... sign this... send me a picture," resounded the chorus as they fought to get near him.

Now how did they recognize Joe Penner—without his turned-down hat, his grotesque suit, and without a spoken word? Perhaps from his short subjects. Perhaps from his recent personal appearance at a

(Continued on page 64)





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DOUG and GERTIE Rival the Royal Romantics

All London is dewy-eyed about the romance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence. Even the romance of Prince George and Princess Marina isn't giving England a bigger thrill

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

BLASE London is all dewy-eyed and sentimental over two romances. One the romance between Prince George of England and Princess Marina of Greece; the other is a romance between two glamorous commoners—the girl English, the boy American. London newspapers and pictorial weeklies are filled with pictures of these two sweethearts, dancing together, attending openings, yachting, strolling in the park. Gossip columns report their doings faithfully. Their pictures stand cheek to cheek in staid London shop windows.

Moreover, Londoners are willing to pay in pounds and pence to watch these two young romantics making love on the stage. After a whole Summer of packing in the crowds in the provinces, "Moonlight Is Silver," a romantic comedy co-starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence, has moved to town, and the theatre is sold out for fifteen weeks in advance! Since the critics were gloomy about the play's chances and prophesied a short run for it

despite the stars' excellent performances, the explanation for the frantic crowding to buy tickets would seem to be public interest in the personal romance between the co-stars.

When it was first reported that young Doug was interested in the English musical comedy queen, Hollywood friends questioned the reports, pointing out that she was older than Doug by five or six years and facetiously doubting that Doug had a "mother complex." At that time pictures of the two together showed the gap in their ages plainly, but now—we defy anyone to tell from their latest portraits which one of the two young lovers is the younger.

"Gertie is perfectly beautiful these days!" an actress just back from London tells us. "She is as dreamy eyed as a young girl in love for the first time. The latest fad in London is to wear a bright blonde streak in dark hair, and Gertie has her blonde streak on her forehead, giving a youthful and softening effect." (Continued on page 73)

“Unusual....?”

That's Putting It MILDLY!

Cinderella wasn't in the same class with Binnie Barnes. Cindy started as a slavey and, by sheer good luck, became a princess. Binnie became a queen. Beauty, brains and an American accent did it. Like her life, she's colorful—the most colorful star England has yet sent us!

By HAL HALL

CROWD right up, folks, while I introduce you to a woman who is like the California weather—*unusual!* She is Binnie Barnes, the new Universal star. And if you are a bit skeptical about my use of the word “unusual,” just sit tight and follow closely. I'll convince you.

Binnie is the only English girl who ever went to South Africa in order to pick up American slang and a Texas drawl, drop her British accent, learn to twirl a rope like Will Rogers, and make American wisecracks, so that she could return to England as an American actress and thus become such an English success that American picture makers would offer her a weekly salary-check that would read like a lot of telephone numbers if she would come over here and grace our Yankee screen!


That's not a cross-word puzzle; it's just a condensed summary of how Binnie Barnes has made good. It sounds odd, but almost everything in Binnie's life has been a bit out of the ordinary, so a real story about her has to be a trifle unusual or it does not give you a real picture of this charming young lady who once milked cows on a British farm and who climaxed her British career by portraying royalty on the English screen.

Meeting Binnie was one of the few real thrills this writer has experienced in his seven-year sojourn in Hollywood, where some of the people put on an act as soon as their names appear in the theatre lights. Knowing the reserve and dignity of the British, I was prepared for almost anything, and I got it when I was greeted with:

“Well, Mr. Hall, just in case you ask me what I think of your California climate, let me tell you I think it is the berries. I didn't think New York was so hot. In Chicago they dished out a brand of welcome that made me feel I

(Continued on page 74)





"There's Romance in Everything"— for JOHN BOLES

He's one hero whose life is as
colorful as the most romantic movie.
Perhaps more so!

By LUKE BORDEN

ON the screen, he stands for Romance, with a capital R. Other Hollywood heroes can be rough, ready and cynical, and pursue elusive beauties with devastating realism, but only John Boles can bend over to kiss a heroine's hand with courtly Old World grace, and be sure that audiences will sigh appreciatively—instead of giggling. This is because he is an incurable romanticist, in private life, and his own experiences make the most glamorously romantic scenario seem tame.

He's Irish and a Southerner—an adventurous and romantic combination. Even when he's wearing old flannels and a sport shirt around the studio, he might have just stepped off the stage of a musical comedy, as the handsome Prince in disguise. "I am a romantic, an idealist, a dreamer of dreams," he told me, "the sort of person who never touches ground, who can be with a million people and still be separate from them."

Hollywood hands him rôles like those of the red-caped hero of "The Desert Song," the Texas Ranger in "Rio Rita," the romantically minded king in "My Lips Betray," the soldier-lover in "Only Yesterday," the socialite lawyer in "The Age of Innocence," the temperamental leading man of the temperamental prima donna in "Music in the Air"—and he plays all these glamorous characters with the soul and spirit of chivalry.

In private life, he has played just as many parts fully as romantic. He starved in a garret while carving out his career. He slaved as a school-teacher to get money for a musical education. He studied grand opera in Paris under the famous tenor, Jean de Reszké. He starred on Broadway in light opera. Rarely written about and most thoroughly romantic of all—he served as an American spy during the World War. . . .

What couldn't a scenario writer do, for instance, with this one of his real-life experiences, which occurred in Paris just after the War? President Wilson arrives from

America for the Peace Conference. There is a grand reception in his honor at the Hotel de Ville, with Pershing, Poincaré, and all the notables of the Allies in attendance. Lines of uniformed guards surround the building. Other guards are at the iron-grilled gates. A handsome young American presents a pass. "*The bearer, in special service, must be permitted to go wherever he requests!*" Bewildered guards spring to open the gates. The American strides through lanes of soldiers into the great reception hall. With swords flashing, with medals gleaming on uniformed chests, the scene is as colorful as any movie set.

"I stood close enough to Wilson to touch him," John Boles told me, "and I hate to think what might have happened if they had discovered I had no right to be present. Every man in the room was an important dignitary of some nation. I guess they thought my buddy, Ray Monroe, and I were notables *incognito*. We were just adventurous young Americans—I had spent my first eighteen months out of college working for the Intelligence Department—and we used the credentials given us for spy work to crash this historic event.

"I enlisted a few days before graduating from college, and I was assigned to the Criminal Investigation Department of the American Expeditionary Forces, due to my ability to speak French and German. This was lucky, because I had a love of adventure that would have made the rigid routine of the regular army difficult.

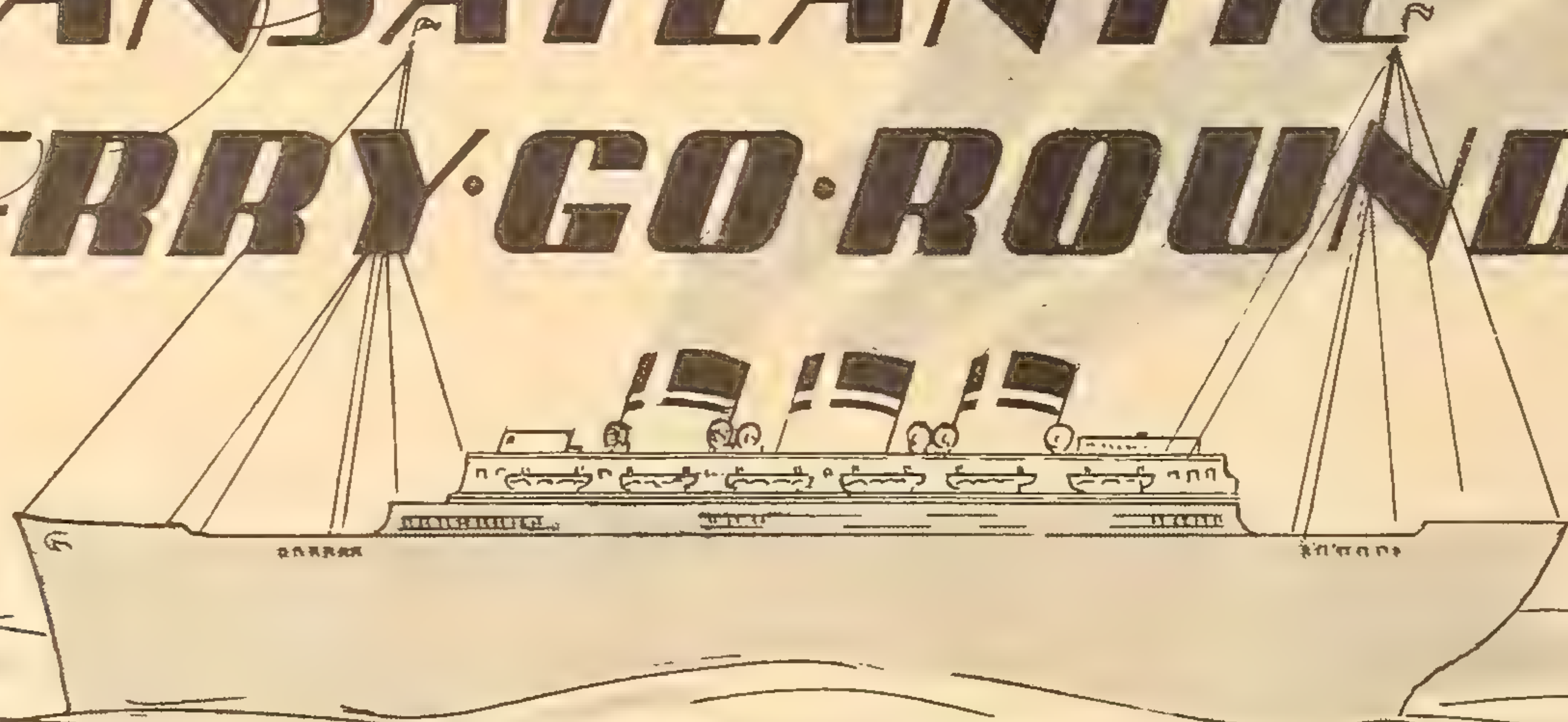
"They gave me a pass, written in both French and English, which allowed me to travel where I pleased, with the full coöperation of the authorities. I could wear a uniform or not, as I chose. These privileges led to all sorts of experiences, because I took the fullest advantage of them.

Luck Was With Him

DUTY took me into the slums of Paris, waterfront dives in Havre; and sleepy little villages all over France. Miraculously, I escaped being shelled. I would leave Paris one night, and an air raid would be staged there the following day. I departed from Rouen the night before it was shelled. The same (Continued on page 60)

Otto Dyer

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY GO ROUND



THE *S. S. Progress*, Europe-bound, was but forty hours out of New York when Lee Lothar, Broadway racketeer, lay dead on the floor of Sally Marsh's cabin—a bullet wound in his heart.

So much had happened in those brief, bewildering hours. Even as she screamed—even as the door burst open to admit startled stewards, followed by panicky passengers, Sally wondered that it could have come to this . . . And what would come next?

She had sailed on the *Progress* to escape Lothar. Chad Denby, in charge of the entertainment on the ship, had engaged her as star of his "Showboat." She had told him why she wanted the engagement. Chad loved her . . . If she hadn't met Jimmy Brett aboard—hadn't fallen in love with him, in response to his ardent wooing, gratitude might have brought Chad the reward he so earnestly desired. But now . . .

It wasn't only on her own account that she had wanted to escape Lothar's unwelcome attentions. Her brother, Ned, had become involved with Lothar in some unexplained manner. Gambling . . . Using Ned to inveigle wealthy patrons to his place . . . She

"What if she did?" Jimmy faced the inspector sternly.

- Adapted from the Reliance Picture
- By Leon Gordon and Joseph Moncure March
- Directed by Benjamin Stoloff
- Released through United Artists
- Fictionized by Ethel M. Pomeroy

PLAYED BY

Gene Raymond	Jimmy Brett
Nancy Carroll	Sally Marsh
Jack Benny	Chad Denby
Sydney Howard	Dan Campbell
Sid Silvers	Shortie
Sidney Blackmer	Lee Lothar
Ralph Morgan	Herbert Rosson
Shirley Grey	Anya Rosson
Sam Hardy	Jack Summers
William Boyd	Joe Saunders
Robert Elliott	Inspector McKinney
Carlyle Moore	Ned Marsh

had to save Ned from the ruin such association promised. She had hoped so much from the trip—and then to find Lothar aboard!

With difficulty she fo-

cussed her dazed eyes on the body of the man who had threatened her happiness. She shuddered. Gazed at the group which crowded the doorway of her cabin. The Captain was there now. He eyed her sternly.

"What happened?" he demanded.

"I don't know—" Sally spoke with an effort. "It all happened so quickly . . . He came in here—he started toward me—then, suddenly—a shot . . . That's all I know . . ."

The Captain's eyes were skeptical. He turned to Inspector McKinney, whom he had sent for, who now was shouldering his way through the crowd.

"Inspector," he said heavily, "for the first time in the history of this line a passenger has been murdered. Won't you please take charge?"

McKinney nodded thoughtfully. He looked from the slain man to the frightened girl. Nodded again. Suddenly

ROMANCE ON SHIPBOARD,





"It happened so quickly," Sally said. "He started toward me—then suddenly—a shot . . . That's all I know!"

off some slick guy?" "Never mind—get moving!" And McKinney piloted the man back to the cabin of Sally Marsh. "Spill it," he ordered Saunders, as they stood beside Lothar's body.

"Spill what? I don't even know this guy!"

"You ought to —

he turned. Dashed out along the companionway. He stopped for a moment in the cabin of Ned Marsh. Made a quick search. Then down, down into the depths of the ship, down into the engine room.

As he hastened along, he tried to fit together in his mind certain things that had come to his notice. He had sailed on the *Progress* for his first vacation in years—and almost from the beginning events had challenged his official interest.

In the first place there was, he was certain, a stowaway aboard ship. The notorious criminal, Saunders, had escaped jail and disappeared. Dan Campbell, whose chief business seemed to be the absorption of liquor, had reported the theft of his dinner clothes. Somewhere in that ship, McKinney was sure, he would find an unlisted passenger, in evening clothes—awaiting a proper time to mingle with the other passengers, to steal other apparel . . . The engine-room would be a possible hideout.

Drawing a gun from his pocket, McKinney investigated a dark corner. He nodded complacently. Asleep, too—what nerve! He thrust his gun against the man's back. "All right, Joe—get up out of there," he ordered. Then, as the man in the tuxedo sprang to his feet, eyes staring bleakly from a white face, he said: "What did you do with the gun?"

"What gun?" Saunders gritted hoarsely.

"The gun you killed Lee Lothar with!"

"Say . . ." Saunders drawled plaintively, "can't I take a boat to make a getaway without being accused of bumping

he took the witness stand against you—had you sent up for ten years on a grand larceny rap—" McKinney's voice was stern.

"It was a frame-up—"

"You shot off your mouth about how you were going to get him—and now you have!"

"Wrong again, copper." Saunders smiled grimly. "I might have had the idea—but somebody beat me to it."

McKinney turned to two ship's officers. "Take him below," he ordered tersely. "I'll get back to him later." He turned to the curious group in the doorway. "I'll have to ask you all to leave." To the Captain he said: "I want you to get the following passengers in your office—"

Outside, the ship was running in a dense fog. Sally could hear the sirens screaming. She shivered. In the Captain's office were gathered all the suspects—herself, Ned, Chad Denby, Jimmy Brett, and a card-sharp, named Summers, who had been posing as a wealthy Westerner, who had, with Lothar, picked on Jimmy as a sucker. Jimmy had turned the tables cleverly that time Sally remembered. And Lothar had threatened him . . . Also present was a Mrs. Rosson—a dazzling, hard-faced blonde, who obviously was pursuing Lothar. She had a husband, back in New York . . . Sally wondered what he thought of his wife's infatuation for the gambler. Each looked suspiciously at the others, looked defiantly at Inspector McKinney. Why didn't he say something? Sally wondered miserably. The whole thing was a ghastly nightmare—she couldn't endure it! She just couldn't!

STRANGELY TANGLED WITH MYSTERY—AND MURDER!

Jimmy flung her an encouraging glance.

Slowly Inspector McKinney lighted a cigar. A cleverly calculated slowness, playing on their tense nerves, to provoke confession, Sally thought. Suddenly he turned to Summers.

"All right—you'll do to begin on—where were you when Lothar was murdered?"

"In my cabin—playing solitaire."

"What's the matter—couldn't you find any suckers?" the inspector inquired significantly.

Summers looked startled. This man wasn't easy to fool . . .

The detective turned to Sally.

"How well did you say you knew Lothar?" The question held overtones of suggestion.

Jimmy was standing by her chair now. "Don't let him scare you, kid," he said encouragingly. "You don't have to talk if you don't want to."

"You're in this up to the neck, yourself," McKinney reminded Jimmy sternly.

"Me? You're cracked!" Jimmy essayed an appearance of injured innocence.

"Yeah? You had an argument with Lothar, a couple of hours before he was killed, didn't you?"

"What of it?" Jimmy asked coldly.

"Nothing—maybe . . . What were you doing in that corridor before the shots were fired?"

"Why, I—I—" Jimmy stopped.

Chad Denby spoke up: "He was with me. Backstage. We ran down together when we heard the shot."

"I see . . . He was in the corridor—but he was backstage with you . . . Quite a coincidence." The Inspector smiled. He turned again to Sally. "Is it a fact that Lothar fell for another girl and threw you over for her?"

"No," Sally said in a hushed voice.

"You tried to get him back, and you couldn't do it."

"That's not true, either. You mustn't believe that!"

Sally flung an imploring look at Ned, who was finding it hard to control himself.

"Why did you ask him to come to your cabin tonight?" the relentless voice went on.

"I didn't!" Sally's enormous eyes brimmed with tears.

Brett stood up beside her. "What if she did? What difference would it make?" He faced the inspector defiantly.

"Sit down!" McKinney ordered. He looked steadily at Sally. "He came there because you asked him to—begged him to. And when you found he was through with you—you could not stand the thought of another woman—so you shot him!"

"That's a lie!" Ned was on his feet now, his eyes blazing. "She was trying to get away from him—he wouldn't leave her alone!"

"What do you know about him?" Inspector McKinney swung toward the youth.

"Plenty!"

"Ned!" Sally warned frantically, but he would not heed.

"I'm not going to sit and hear a lot of stuff like that slung at you!" he cried.

McKinney eyed him contemptuously. "It's about time!

Sitting there and letting your sister take the rap." You're yellow!"

Sally moaned inwardly. If only Ned would keep still! If they knew that Ned had forged Lothar's name to a check, they would be certain he had murdered him! If only he hadn't told her that sorry business! She bit her lips desperately. She had asked Lothar to give her the check. Ned had told her he had paid back every cent of it, but still Lothar held the check over him. Lothar had been so suave, so friendly . . . "Of course," he had said, "I'll give it back to you." And then, even as her heart had leaped with sudden gratitude, he had gone on: "I'll bring it to your cabin, tonight, after the show. We'll celebrate the event—just like old times." And he had smiled at her meaningly. Sally knew then what it would cost her to recover the check. The joy had ebbed from her face, as she had told him: "I understand."

Ned had seen her, just after Lothar had left—had noted her white face, her trembling hands. He had asked her if she was troubled about Lothar. And although she firmly denied it, he had rushed off, his face set and stern. She didn't know he had gone to Chad Denby . . .

And after the show, Jimmy had tried to get her to walk on deck with him. But she had put him off. He guessed that she had something on her mind, but he had yielded graciously. Had left her at her stateroom door. And then Lothar had come . . .

"Is this yours?" McKinney was holding a gun in his hand, glaring at Jimmy.

"No," Jimmy stated definitely.

"I found it in your cabin."

Chad came forward. "May I look at it?" he asked. Then: "It's mine."

"How did he get hold of it?" McKinney motioned to Ned.

"Chad had nothing to do with it," Ned said quickly. "I took it from his cabin. He didn't know I had it!"

"But that doesn't make him a murderer," Chad protested. "There were only blank cartridges in it."

The detective broke the gun. Six bullets clattered out. He picked them up in his hand. "They look pretty real to me," he commented. "You meant business, didn't you?"

"Yes," Ned answered shortly. "I got them out of Chad's drawer." His face grew white.

He was saying, Sally thought desperately, just what the officer wanted him to say! McKinney was leading him on. Ned was falling into his trap . . .

"Ned! Ned!" she cried, agonized. "You didn't do it! You couldn't have done it!"

"No?" McKinney turned toward her. "Why couldn't he have done it?"

"Because I did it!" Sally cried. "I did the whole thing—just the way you said!"

"Don't listen to her!" Ned raged wildly. "She's trying to shield me! Why should she kill him? What reason did she have?"

"Was he in love with you?" McKinney asked.

Sally looked down. Her lips
(Continued on page 81)



Jimmy drew Sally very close to him. And she yielded happily to his embrace

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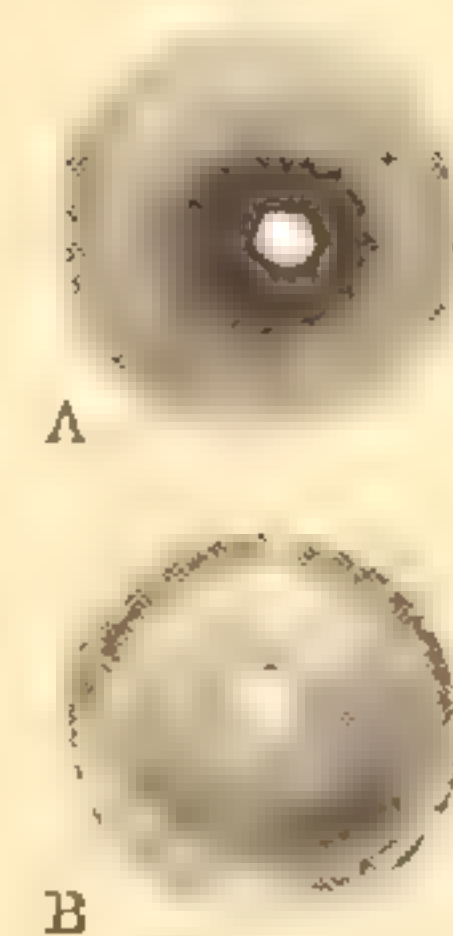
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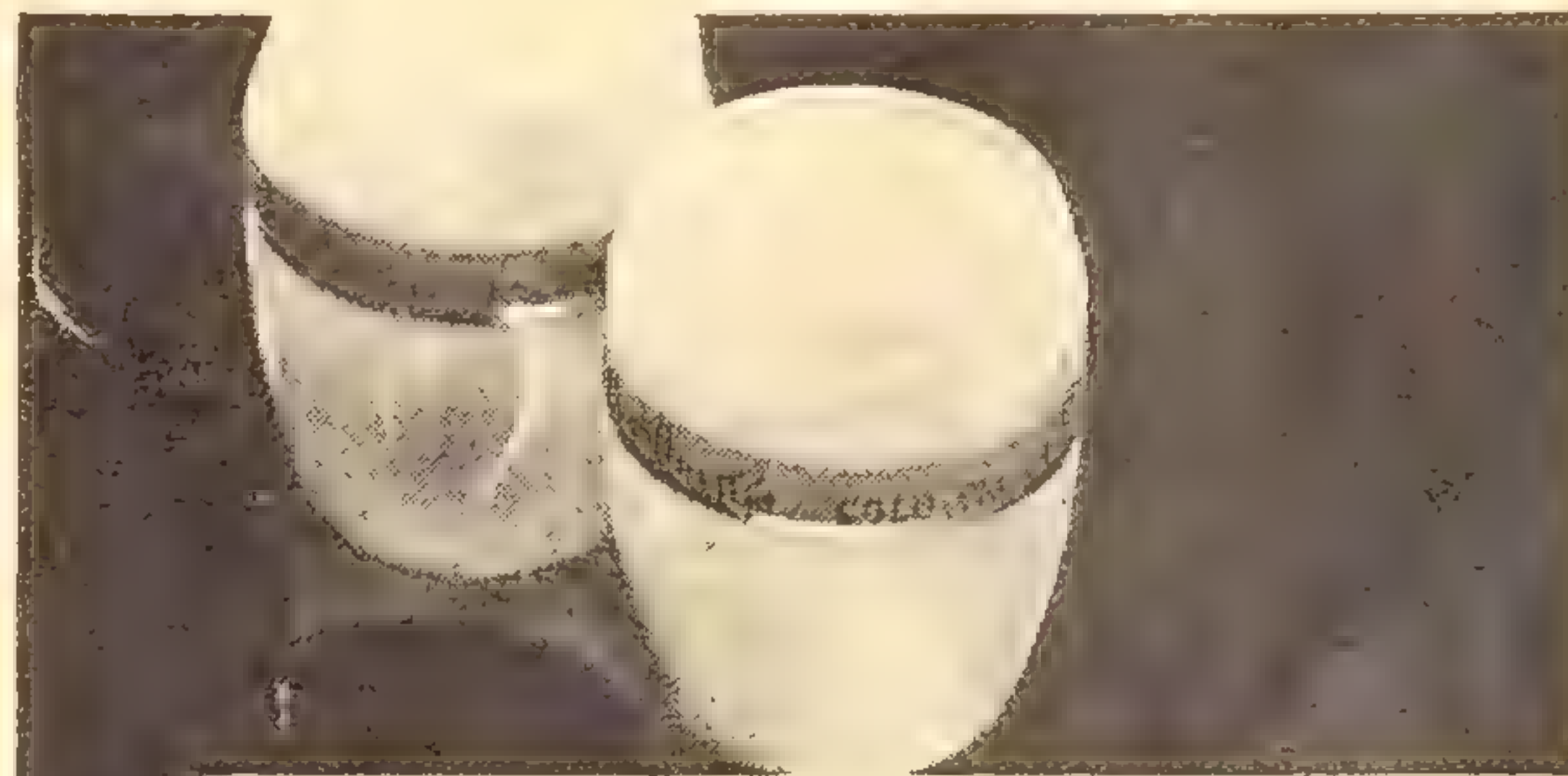
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"There's Romance in Everything" for John Boles

(Continued from page 55)

thing happened in Abbeyville. The Germans must have become annoyed and decided to get me, somehow, for they followed me all the way to Havre, on the seacoast, putting on the only air-raid staged in France so far from their own lines!

"Almost anything seemed possible in France in wartime. At Havre I became acquainted with the Algerians who served as sailors on French ships. They were savage-looking fellows who lived in waterfront dives, where no foreigner dared venture for fear of his life. Many visitors had been stabbed, rumor went, for their pocket-money. I, speaking French, got to know them, visited them, and ate with them."

Just as alive to the thrilling possibilities of every situation as the most appreciative audience, the young American soldier went out of his way in search of adventure and glamour. Most of his experiences ended just as happily as the third curtain of an operetta, sometimes with a burst of song. He saw Europe (the ambition of every young American collegian) when life there was most adventurous; he saw the horror and the ravages of war, and he appreciated doubly the peace of quaint old towns undisturbed by the havoc. And in between times he went to the opera, and sang at Y. M. C. A. entertainments.

"In an apache café in Paris, where I was sent in search of a criminal," he told me. "I happened to notice a piano player thumping out tinkly little tunes for the amusement of the customers. It was a tawdry, second-rate place in a low neighborhood. Suddenly, the man stopped playing cheap jazz, and began a beautiful melody of Chopin. He played so wonderfully and with such feeling that I stared in amazement."

"Two months later, I attended a performance at the opera. All the nobility in the boxes broke into enthusiastic applause when the leader of the orchestra stepped into the rostrum. His face seemed familiar—I knew I had seen him before. Suddenly, I realized that the famous conductor was the same fellow I had seen at the broken-down piano of the cheap café, playing cheap tunes for sandwiches and his drinks."

Where He "Found" His Voice

YOUNG Boles watched, as wide-eyed as the hero of an operetta, and can't, even to-day, figure out an explanation of the musician's double life. But he can explain how he first discovered that his voice might have stage possibilities:

"One night at a Y. M. C. A. entertainment I was singing with a bunch of fellows when I noticed that the man beside me had stopped singing to listen. This seemed strange—I didn't know there was anything unusual about my voice. At the end of the song, he said, 'You have a great voice—are you a professional singer?' Of course, I wasn't, although I had sung with glee clubs in college. Later I was told that he was a well-known musician who had written one of the best British marching songs, and the memory of the incident gave me courage, later, to try an operatic career."

Such romantic episodes are common in Boles' life. He graduated from college on a June Tuesday in 1917. On Thursday, he married lovely Marcelite Dobbs. On Friday, he was assigned to the Criminal Investigation Department of the A. E. F. Even playwrights don't dare suggest events in such dashing succession.

He returned to his home-town of Greenville, Texas, when the War was over, and

might have kept on working in his father's bank except for another amazing circumstance such as happens so often in scenarios and so seldom in real life. Oscar Seagle, the opera star, heard him sing in Greenville, and persuaded him to go to New York to develop his voice.

There he worked as a high-school teacher, to earn money for voice training, and must have looked as out of place in that position as would a musical comedy hero. He earned his passage to Paris, where he wanted to study, by organizing a band of musicians and acting as their business manager—another glamorous incident that writers of light opera might borrow from his life.

He lived in Paris with his wife and baby daughter for two years, and then returned to tramp the streets of New York, looking for work. With all the pride of a hero of romance, he refused to consider any but leading rôles, and he might have starved to death romantically, except that such things don't happen to heroes. When he appeared in "Little Jessie James," all New York acclaimed him as the newest singing sensation. He sang opposite Geraldine Farrar in her only light opera venture; he appeared in "Mercenary Mary" and "Romany Love Song."

Leading Man Then; Co-Star Now

GLORIA SWANSON, then at the height of her success in silent pictures, saw him and offered him a leading rôle in "The Loves of Sunya." Playing opposite so famous a star gave him a wide audience at the very start, and his picture career was assured. Romantically enough, Gloria is now his co-star in "Music in the Air" and the fact that he is one of the most popular stars on the screen doubles her chances for success in her "comeback" picture.

He lives as you'd expect to find the hero of an operetta after the third curtain—happily ever after. He sends his wife flowers, will stop everything to talk about their two daughters, and works so hard that for one solid year his pictures have overlapped each other—each new one starting before the old one was finished.

"There's romance in everything if you look at it from that point of view," he told me. "Nothing is humdrum unless you see it that way."

He finds the modern world just as fascinating and romantic as the periods he plays in costume dramas, and he gets romance from the most trivial things—going down to the outfitters to try on his new costumes, or sending one of his little girls a birthday gift. His enthusiasm is genuine, not assumed, and that is why every woman who meets him falls under the spell of his charming chivalry and a politeness so perfect that it is flattering in itself.

And he proves that if you expect romantic things to happen, they will. The other day on a movie set he noticed one of the "extras" eyeing him intently.

"Weren't you in Saint Nazaire in August, 1918?" the man finally asked. Boles assented. "I'm Karl Guenther," the "extra" added, "though perhaps you won't remember me by that name."

Boles couldn't, and the man fingered a ragged scar on his head. "You had been after me for two days, and if your bullet had gone an inch more to the left, I'd be there yet. But it was a dark night for target practice."

Proving that there's one Hollywood star as romantic and colorful as the rôles he plays on the screen. Maybe more so!

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lustrous teeth:

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“Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five out of seven continue to use it year in year out.”

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty. Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men have found that this remarkable

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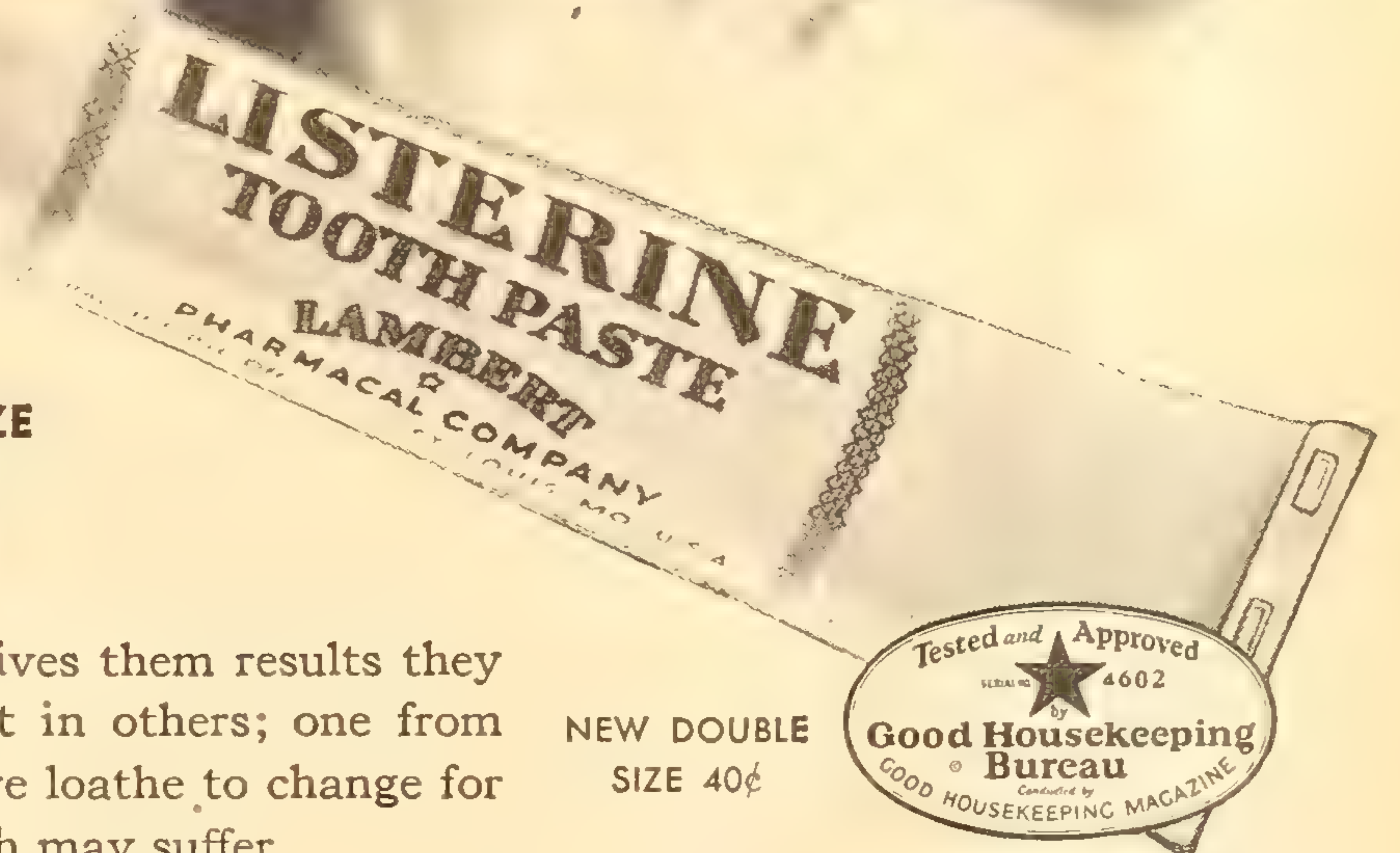
tooth paste gives them results they do not expect in others; one from which they are loathe to change for fear that teeth may suffer.

It says, in effect: “At last we have a dentifrice that does not injure enamel, one that invigorates the gums, one that gives teeth cleanliness and lustre that are enviable, one that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed and stimulated—and last but not least, one that is priced sensibly.”

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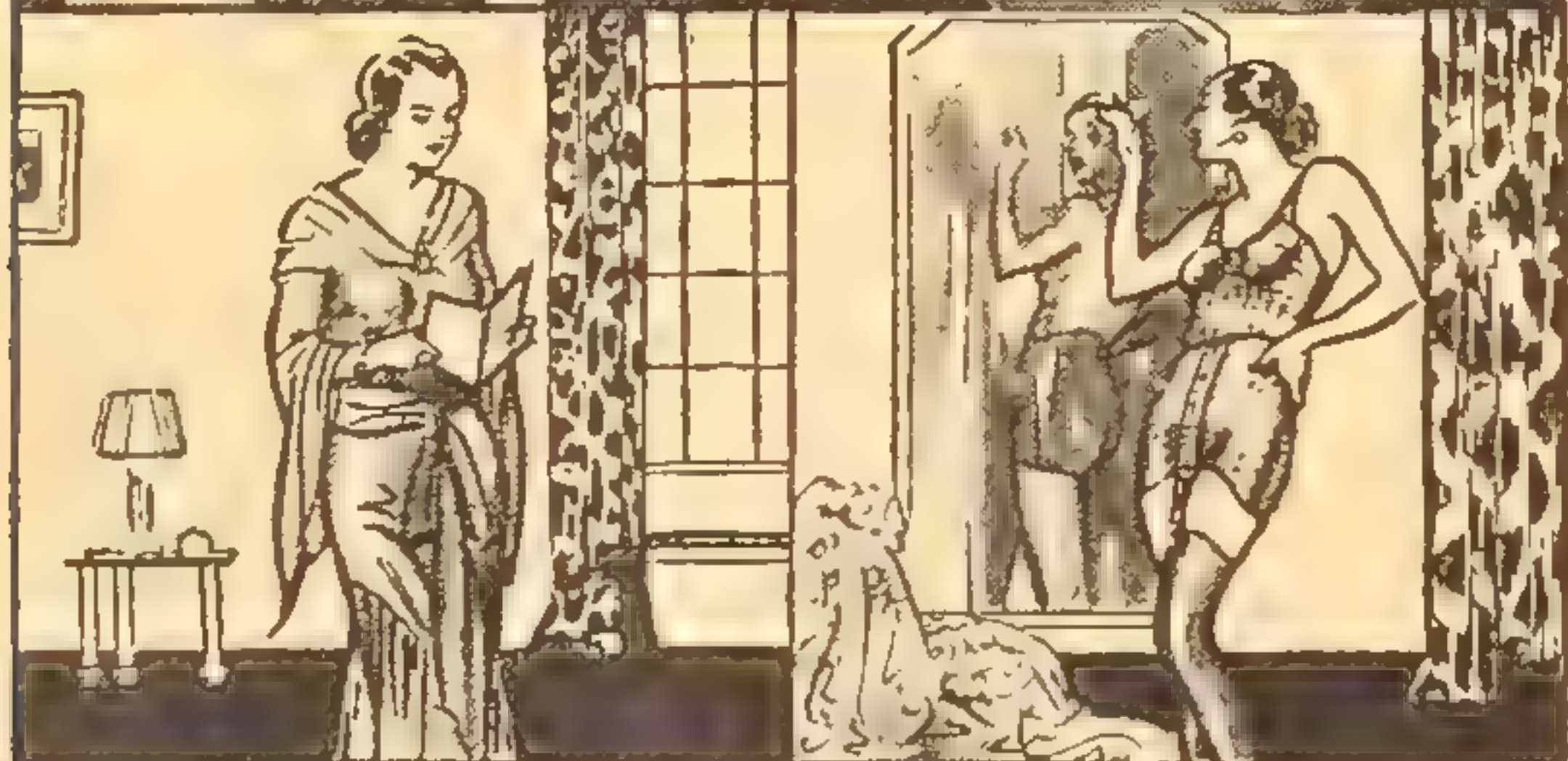
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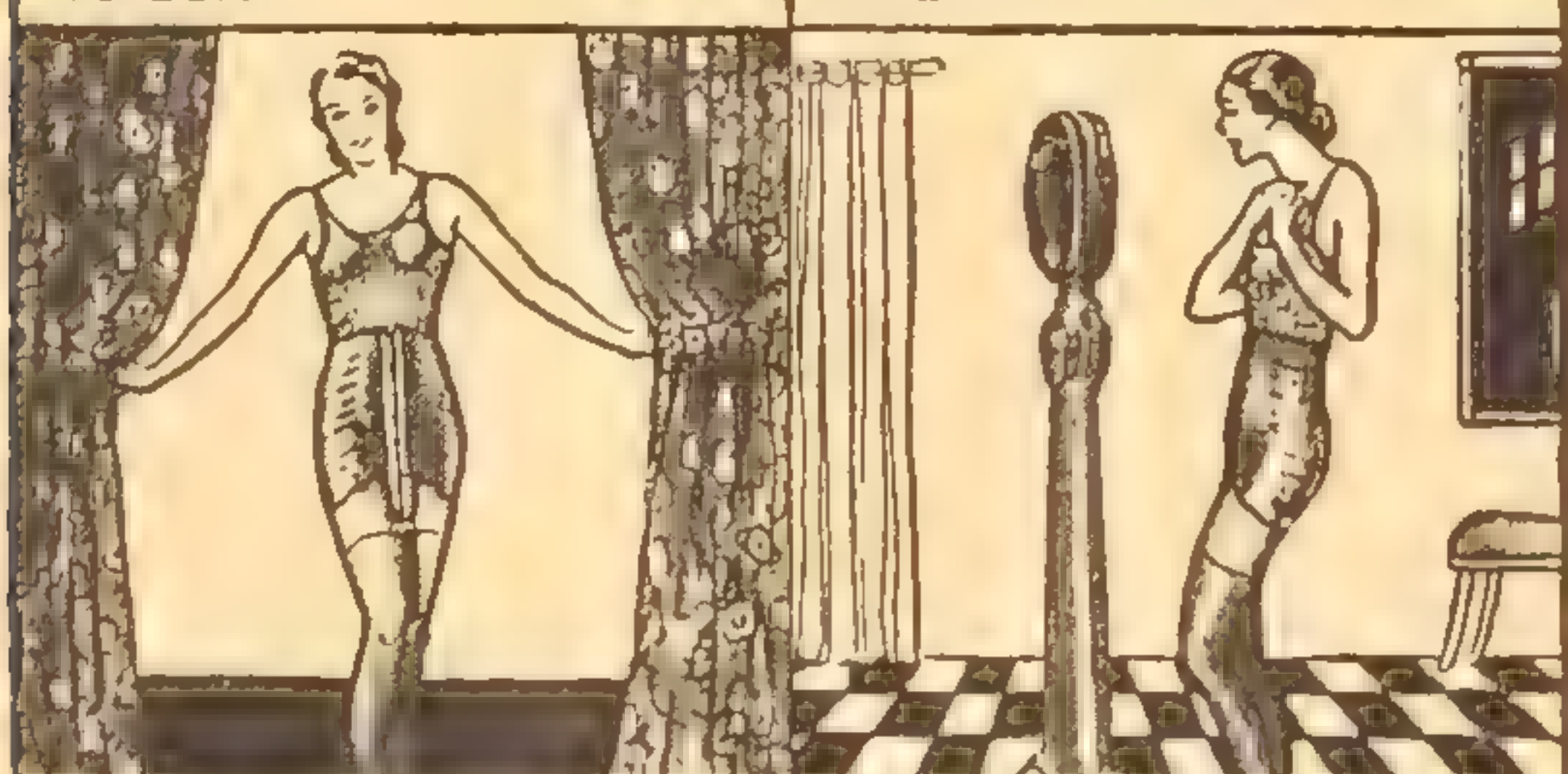
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REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES"

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9 INCHES and my
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REDUCE YOUR WAIST
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3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
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Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfo-
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You do not need to risk one penny... try them for
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Our Mary Becomes Queen of the Air!

(Continued from page 33)

night—and think of all the children, the
little children, who never saw me in pic-
tures. That's what thrills me. There must
be thousands of them. And if I could
bring to them the thing that I have always
tried to put into my pictures—well, isn't
that in itself worth-while?

What It Has Done for Her

"AND I can't begin to tell you how much
this new experience has done for me
personally. I have always had so much
energy—and for a while after 'Secrets'
when I wasn't working (for the first time in
my life), I was restless, out of sorts. I
began to think of writing—resurrecting an
old ambition to be an author some day. I
wrote a short story, 'Little Liar,' which
appeared in a popular fiction magazine.
It was my first published story, so of
course I got a big kick out of that. But I
wanted to be doing something more active.

"I was anxious to appear in a stage play.
Henry Duffy, Hollywood producer, sug-
gested that I come to the El Capitan
Theatre and watch rehearsals, just to get
the feel of the theatre again. He interested
me in a play called 'A Church Mouse.'
He said that the first act would be a perfect
sketch for me—but I laughed at that.

"Agents had been after me for years to do
personal appearances, and I had always
refused. Then I went to New York to see
about a play that Max Gordon was planning
to produce for me. No sooner did I arrive
there than Paramount-Publix approached
me to appear on the stage. I remembered
what Henry Duffy had said about the first
act of 'A Church Mouse,' so I decided to do
it. Then, when I saw how friendly and
receptive everyone was, I knew that I
wanted to try radio. I was getting back
into the atmosphere of the stage, and the
joy of being in intimate contact with the
public made me want to do even more!

"Humble, But Confident"

"I APPROACHED the microphone
humbly, but with confidence; I felt
that it would prove to be a good friend.
As I broadcast, I thought of only one
thing, one mental picture—a family listen-
ing to the radio. I was just speaking to
friends in their homes—that's how I tried
to think of them. They told me that
millions of people would be listening, but
'millions of people' are such a vast, cold,
faceless mass that I tried to forget that
entirely. And Graham McNamee wired me
afterward that that was one of the nicest
things about the broadcast—that people
felt that I had come right into their living
rooms. I hope everyone *did* feel that way!"

And that's *exactly* how we felt, judging
from the thousands of telegrams and
'phone calls and letters that came pouring
into the studio after the broadcast.

Gracie Allen wired, "I know you will
reach even greater heights on the air than
you have in pictures. All your fans are
waiting for your next broadcast, including
myself." Another, "Of course we are
thrilled. You were so lovely—really and
truly a greater success than ever. You must
be very happy. Love." And it was signed
by Harriet Hctor, the world-famous
dancer. But the message that Mary lingered
over longest was a special-delivery letter
from San Francisco. It was only two
lines, and it was unsigned. It was written
in the old-fashioned, shaky hand of a very
old woman. It said "Goodnight, and God
go with you"—which were the very last
words that Mary spoke on that broadcast!

Though Mary has taken up this new in-
terest whole-heartedly, she certainly isn't
going to neglect any of her old friends—the

movies, the stage, and particularly her writing.

"I've bought a story called 'Three Kisses,'
written by Ivan Lebedeff," she told me,
"and I'll do that soon, myself, as a picture—
though at the moment I can't say when,
because I'm going to be so busy that I
don't know when I *can* do it."

Mary, too, has plans for directing a
picture, herself. "A picture built around a
little girl," she said, "like the parts I used
to play. I think I could direct this type
better than anything else, and if I could
find the right young girl, one who would be
sensitive to me and my direction, I could
again produce pictures like 'Rebecca' and
'Pollyanna.' I'd like to go on doing those
parts, those child parts, through the
medium of someone else. There's nothing I
should like better.

"But right now, I'm absorbed with
the radio, which is so new and young.
And it is so full of young people that you
can't help but be inspired by it. I've never
seen so many young people in one business
before—young writers, young actors, young
directors, young announcers—and they're
all efficient. They *have* to be, in radio,
because it's the second-hand on the clock
that counts, not the minute hand. There
can't be expensive delays, or any putting
off until tomorrow, or any unbusiness-like
displays of temperament.

"And I'm going to learn just as much
about radio in general, as I have learned
about the motion picture business. I
have been so used to considering how
people *look*, when I select people for sup-
porting parts in my pictures, that I knew I
would probably be influenced by appear-
ances if I saw the actors who were trying
out for parts in my radio company."

"So when we cast 'A Church Mouse,' for
example, I sat there with my eyes shut
tight, while the actors tried out. I had
never even seen my leading man until
after he had been chosen solely by his voice.

The Glamour of Her New Life

"SO many people have asked me if radio
lacks the glamour that I have known
on the stage and screen. That is so ridicu-
lous. Radio is the most glamorous of all!
Like the microphone itself, it is a sensitive
vibrating medium. And then there is this:
It took 'Madame Fiske and Company' and
'Sarah Bernhardt and Company' and others
of those days many months to tour the
world. And yet we, our radio company,
tour America in the tiniest fraction of a
second. That is the kind of glamour that
fills me with awe!

"All of my programs will probably be
broadcast from Hollywood, unless I do the
New York play that I have been planning
on for so long. In that case, it is in my con-
tract that I will be allowed 'to take my
microphone and my company' with me
wherever I go."

You can see that Mary's plans are not
nebulous. She has made arrangements in
advance, in case she does find the time to
do that play. There was only one more
rumored "plan" that I had not asked about.
"How about that autobiography that pub-
lishers have been urging you to write for
years?" I asked. "Do you think you will
do that now, too?"

Mary leaned closer and spoke to me in a
most secretive manner. "Don't tell any-
body," she said, "but I'm not going to do
it—not yet! Can you guess why? Because
autobiographies are supposed to be written
when one quits working. I have started a
new career, and I look forward to taking
part in television. I'll wait until I can
include my experiences in that, too, before
I write my autobiography!"

He'll Make Movies That Will Live

(Continued from page 32)

would attend. I expected the boxes to be filled. But I never expected the thousands upon thousands to be banked high up on the hills, in the cheaper seats, some almost a quarter of a mile away from the stage—evidence of the popular enthusiasm."

"Could the magnet be Herr Reinhardt?"

"Ach, no!" he thundered. "Here in Hollywood I am a nobody. The play could have been produced by your Mister—what do you call him—Joe Doak, that is it—and the Bowl would have been packed to capacity."

"It was to be expected that 'The Dream' would unfold here in Hollywood, as it has never been unfolded. Here are the greatest artists of all the arts. Could a Reinhardt build such a theatre? Or hire such performers? Or offer such adroit lighting effects? No—it was a Hollywood job!"

"Let me tell you this: Never, since 'The Dream' was written, has there been such a *Puck* as the *Puck* portrayed by your own little Mickey Rooney! The greatest adult actors in the world have given this characterization, but not one of them ever breathed the true life into the character until little Mickey came along. Never was *Puck* played with such fire, such comedy, such brilliance. I love that boy. I would like to adopt him for my own son."

"Nor have I ever seen such a *Bottom* as the characterization of Walter Connolly! I'll say the same for the *Flute* of Sterling Holloway. In the thousands of performances of 'The Dream' that will be given long after Little Mickey, Connolly and Holloway have been buried and forgotten, never again will there be such a *Puck*, *Bottom*, or *Flute*. I wish to go on record on this."

Reinhardt wiped his eyes.

"I am sorry," he said, "I am overcome."

Will Produce Shakespeare On Screen

"WHAT are your plans for making this into a motion picture?" I asked.

"To make it much as I produced it in the Bowl. I might even use the Bowl for some of the more striking scenic effects. I shall devote my efforts to obtaining the most spectacular results, leaving the matters of close-ups and camera angles to the efficient Mr. Dieterle."

"What of the cast?" I asked.

"I want Mr. Connolly," he replied, "and Mr. Holloway, but I MUST have Mickey Rooney. As you Americans say, 'No Rooney, No Dream.'"

"What will be the next great force in pictures?" I questioned.

"Religion," he said, simply. "The screen must satisfy the spiritual longings of the world and, even without the present campaign, the screen would have turned to religion. I speak of religion apart from any creed, or sect. I mean pictures that in text and character connect spirituality and what I might characterize as 'a divine spark.'"

"People want something new, something inspiring. During the years of depression people went to the theatre to get away from their problems. They wanted music, comedy, gayety. For a time it satisfied. But now the public wants something finer—something soul-satisfying. The public needs spiritual inspiration and the religious drama can give them that. The spiritual drama is to-day Hollywood's greatest opportunity."

"Did you expect a Hollywood offer?" I asked.

Reinhardt grinned, and shrugged.

Those who know and love this little man with the bright eyes and the gray hair whisper that Hitler ruined him—even though he did leave Germany before the

(Continued on page 69)



*If everyone in this theatre
uses Pepsodent Antiseptic*

(as used in recent tests)

**there should be 50%
fewer colds!**

Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

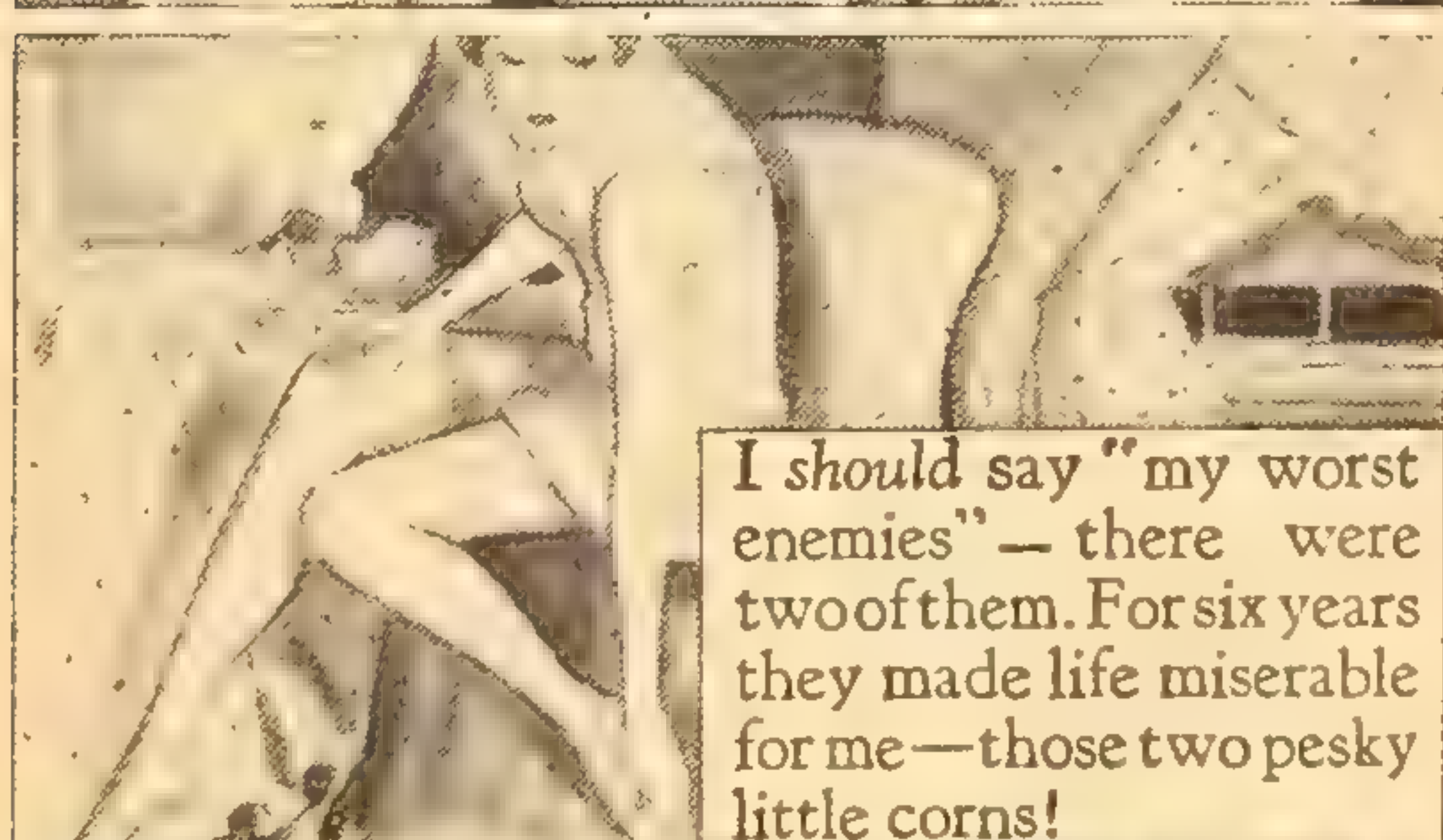
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

"How I removed my WORST ENEMY"

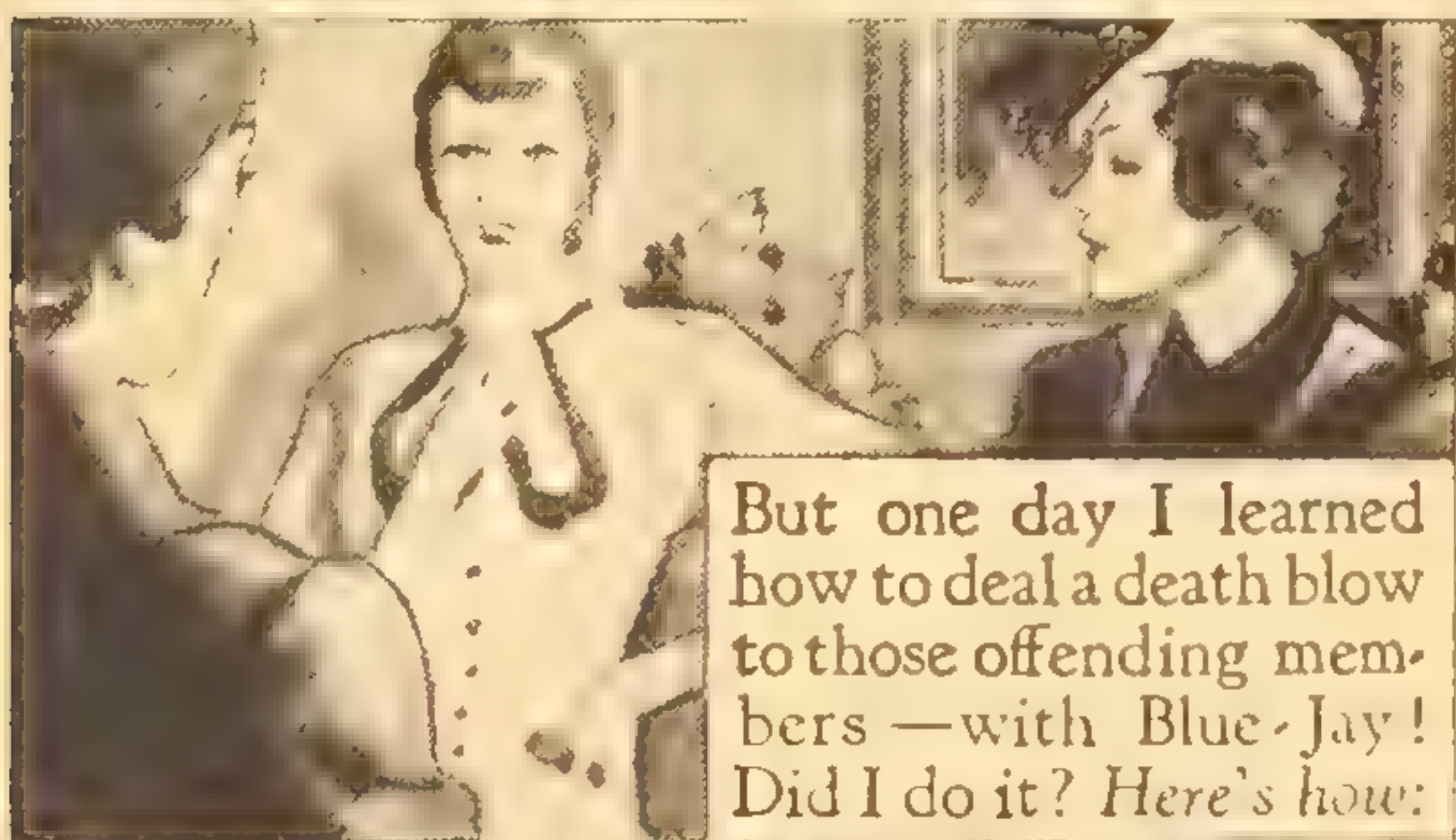
— a sad story with a happy ending



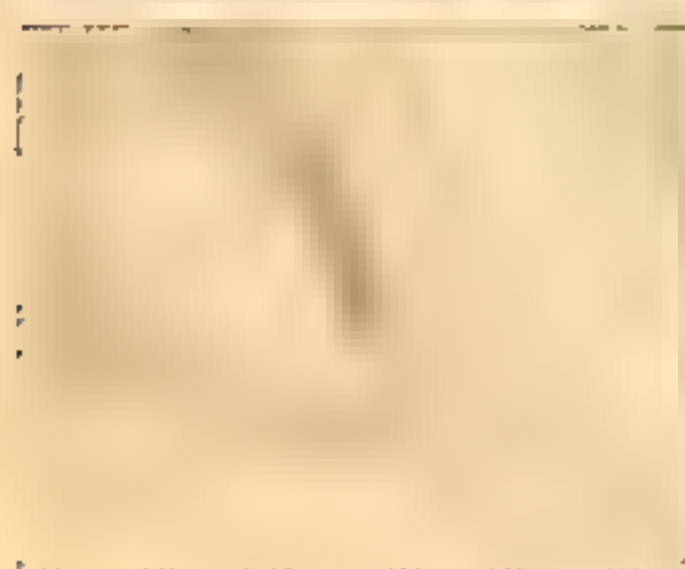
Life was a failure to me until six months ago. I quarrelled with my friends, fussed at home, and then finally lost my job. All because of my worst enemy!



I should say "my worst enemies"—there were two of them. For six years they made life miserable for me—those two pesky little corns!



But one day I learned how to deal a death blow to those offending members—with Blue-Jay! Did I do it? Here's how:



1. I soaked my feet for 10 minutes in hot water and wiped them dry.



2. I applied Blue-Jay, centering the pads over the corns. The pain stopped.



3. After 3 days, removed the plasters, soaked my feet, lifted out the corns!

Blue-Jay is the safe, scientific corn remover—used by millions for 35 years. Corn pain stops instantly—corn is gone in 3 days. Invented by a famous chemist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house, whose products are used by doctors everywhere. 25c at all druggists—special size for bunions and calluses.

How Blue-Jay Works



A is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn. B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops the pain at once. C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER

FREE BOOKLET—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (Pasting this coupon on a government post card will save postage.) MC-12

Name

Address

City State

© The Kendall Company

The Movies Capture Joe Penner . . . And the duck that lays the Golden Eggs

(Continued from page 52)

Los Angeles theatre. Perhaps—and this is more likely—from publicity pictures. But it seemed to me a great tribute to his popularity that Joe Penner, who is just a voice to most of the world, should be spotted so quickly.

As he dashed off the autographs, a youngster pushed up with the plea, "Say 'Wanna buy a duck?' for us."

"Please," replied Joe, "I'm on a vacation." That youngster shouldn't have been so overwhelmed by meeting his idol. One more ardent plea and I know Joe would have said, "Wanna buy a duck?" The words were formed on his lips, ready to answer a second request. But just then a girl edged up with her book. Smiling happily, she said, "I used to see you in St. Louis."

St. Louis—it brought back to me, too, memories of my first meeting with Joe Penner—and an impression I'll never forget. We were standing in a tent before a bunch of youngsters much like these. I was thanking Joe for getting up early that morning to play a benefit performance for youngsters who had come to meet Santa Claus. And I was apologizing, too, for the tent was stuffy and there was no stage.

St. Louis Gave Him a Hand

SPEAKING from the corner of his mouth through his prop cigar (one of his trademarks even then), Joe was saying, "Don't worry, kid. This St. Louis engagement will always be one of the happiest of my life. I've never gone over before like I have in this town. Any time I can do anything for it, I'll be tickled to death."

Joe had just come from his home-town, Detroit, where it hadn't been a case of the local boy making good. The city to which he had been brought as an immigrant boy of eleven by his Hungarian parents, in which he had sold ducks as a grocery boy, and in which he had started in amateur theatricals, hadn't warmed up to his act. But St. Louis had. No wonder he liked it!

Standing beside Joe in the tent that day was a girl who looked vaguely familiar.

"Have you met my wife?" he asked.

She saved me embarrassment by speaking up. "Surely. Don't you remember me—Eleanor Vogt, one of the Rockets?" Sure enough, it was one of the young St. Louis girls who had started their dancing careers in the very vaudeville theatre in which Joe was appearing that week. Later, the whole chorus had joined the road company of the "Greenwich Village Follies" as the American Rockets.

"So that's what the 'Follies' did for you," I laughed.

"Well," explained Joe, "it wasn't exactly the 'Follies'. I used to stand in the wings and burn her up. Then she'd watch me do my act and burn me up. We didn't like each other at all. I cast so many aspersions in her direction that she was going to quit the show, but she decided to cast them right back. It got to be such a habit that after the 'Follies' closed, we decided to make it permanent and got married."

So Joe, in a sense, adopted St. Louis as a home-town because of his "in-laws," and St. Louis certainly adopted him. He came back time and again to develop into a great favorite. During one of those visits, I asked him to appear on the radio. He declined with a typically humble apology. "I'll do it if you insist," pleaded Joe. "But I'd rather not. I know I wouldn't be any good. People have to see my funny make-up and I have to hear the laughs coming back."

The Mike Left Him Cold

SOME time later, we did insist till Joe Penner consented to appear on our radio program. When it was over, the director of the station, one of the largest in the country, suggested that Penner be left off future broadcasts. "His material isn't suited to radio," he said. Imagine Joe Penner scared of the radio—and even cold-shouldered from the air!

But my reverie of days gone by was broken, as Joe brought me back to the Penner of to-day by pulling away from the autograph-seekers and steering me into the café. As we sat down, I reminded him of those radio debacles in the distant past.

"Yes," he drawled sheepishly in his slow, hesitating manner, "it does seem kind of funny now. But I never felt right before a cold mike. It scared me because it wasn't warm and responsive." He took his cigar out of his mouth, put it in the ash tray, and drew geometric figures on the table-cloth with his finger-tip.

"After those experiences, it was sure hard getting me to a radio audition," he continued. "One day my manager begged so hard I went, but only after he swore it was just a rehearsal for ourselves. I did my stuff, and when I got through, the man at the controls—who was an advertising man, giving me an audition without my knowing it—handed me the surprise of my life. He showed me their radio theatre. It was just like any theatre in which I worked, with a stage, spotlights, and seats for a big audience. When I saw that layout, where people could sit and see me, I knew it was the ducks. My fears were gone."

Radio has since made Joe Penner famous. Listening to him in your home, you can't see his funny hat, his crazy suit, and his big cigar. However, the lucky few who get into the radio theatre see them and roar. And their roar of approval made Hollywood prick up its ears and send for Joe Penner. Hollywood welcomed him with a big reception committee. High-salaried executives halted conferences to greet him and make him feel at home. And in the middle of the studio stands a duck-pen and duck-house with a sign, "Welcome Joe Penner."

No One Saw Him Then

AND this 1934 welcome is another ironical feature of Joe Penner's career. After I knew him in St. Louis, he continued in vaudeville, and went knocking at Hollywood's doors—not once, but several times. And, so far as Joe knows, nobody in the film business caught his act when he was appearing in Los Angeles theatres.

"I always had my eye on the movies and wanted to make pictures—even as long as seven or eight years ago," confessed Joe. "My agents and my manager tried to fix things up when I played at theatres here. But somehow or other, nothing happened. I was in the theatre most of the time, and I guess nobody saw me work. People told me I ought to stick around and get acquainted—that that was the way to get in the movies."

The spark of Joe's cigar had died. He reached for my half-empty package of cigarettes and lit one, and then, as he nervously played with the package, he continued, "But I guess everything happens for the best. I'm out here now, wanting to start at the bottom and work up just as I wanted to years ago. I'm going to play in and out of the picture, just as I do in my act, and stick to comedy. I won't be all

over, and I won't be a star. I want other people to be featured with me."

And apparently everything does happen for the best with Joe Penner. The movies could have had him then for \$750 a week; now the figure is closer to \$5,000.

But if things had happened a little differently, Hollywood might never have had a chance to hire Joe Penner. After making a reputation for himself on vaudeville circuits, he realized the dream of every performer—an important rôle in a Broadway production. "East Wind" was the show. It opened to tremendous business in Pittsburgh, one of the cities in which Joe had become a favorite. The notices were excellent. It was the same in the other tryout cities. But before the show went to New York, the producers became worried.

"Your material's good for the sticks," they said. "But it isn't Broadway." They ordered his part rewritten. "It isn't my style," protested Penner when he read the revised story. "Why, I don't know what this song, 'Tropics,' means, and how can you expect the public to, if I don't?"

Joe must have been right. The audiences yawned. The critics, drawing their knives, buried them deep in Joe Penner's heart. When the show closed after two weeks, Joe Penner was heart-broken. He confided to intimates that he was through with show business. Though he didn't quit, the memory of Broadway's rebuff still lingers with Joe. Even in confessing that heart-break, he lived it over again. His disappointment was written in his face, his twitching lips, his nervous fingers.

"What is your big ambition now?" I asked Joe. "Do you want to go back and show Broadway?"

The Movies Are His Goal

JOE shook his head. "All Broadway wants to do is to put you on a pedestal and knock you off. My ambition is to make good in the movies, and to let my friends everywhere—not in just one town—see me. My radio career can't go on forever. On the air, you reach too many people too often to last long. Of course, I try to keep from getting in a rut on the radio. I never repeat, and I'm trying to get new catch-lines all the time. But some day it will be over. When that happens, I want to be established in the movies. Then I'll quit living in a trunk, get a home and settle down."

Joe drawled on in his slow, embarrassed manner, with just a trace of that slight lisp that becomes so funny on the radio when exaggerated, "The greatest satisfaction I've taken from whatever success I've had is that I didn't buy it by flattering managers or critics. When I played theatres, I'd see acts billed over me that I didn't think were as good. And it always gave me a kick to see the billing changed in the middle of the week and my name on top. I always tried to get by on merit—not pull. I'm still a great big kid about notices," he confessed. "When I get a good one, I go out and buy all the papers."

It may seem unbelievable that such ingenuousness is absolutely sincere unless you know Joe Penner, or can imagine him the same in life as he is on the air. If you're still skeptical, let me tell you just one more true short, short story about him:

Marty Sampton began managing Joe Penner shortly after his start in theatre business.

"Are you still under contract to Marty?" I asked.

"No," replied Joe, his head bobbing about as he sketched on the table-cloth. "My contract with Marty ran out five years ago. But he's still doing my business. I couldn't leave Marty. Any time anybody does anything for me—well, I'm just not the type that forgets."

And Joe isn't. Perhaps that's one more reason why his public won't forget Joe.

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER



Natural lips win... painted lips lose!

SOFT lips. Nice lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks: Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

Cheeks must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly... becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MP124

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check ☐ FLESH ☐ RACHEL ☐ LIGHT RACHEL
Shade

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



*And I had
to be Scolded
into trying it*

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day comfortably. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to."

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets.

"We Would Have Married—"

(Continued from page 37)

"I loved Russ not only as a man, but as a mother would love her child. I knew his great talents, and I wanted to make sure the world would know them, too. He not only had a voice that was potentially operatic; he wrote beautiful poetry and had great genius in musical composition. He had qualities of sweetness and humility and the gift of a clean mind and heart. He was a very rare, a very unusual person. I knew it—and loved him for it. But no woman dares to be the one goal in a man's life. If she loves him, she must seek to be only a part of his entire life, a part of his ambitions, a part of his fulfillments.

"Even though I have lost Russ, I can't feel that life is at an end. For I have a peculiar philosophy. I believe that everything that happens is determined by an inflexible Fate. I believe Russ' death was pre-destined. And I am glad that it came when he was so happy—so happy in our love and in his winning of stardom. That knowledge is a consolation.

"Russ and I felt something cataclysmic hanging over us. For three weeks, he and I sensed a presence near us, felt a peculiar apprehension. We were depressed without knowing why. Russ was afraid that something was going to happen to me. I had been going from one picture into another, and I was frightfully tired. I tried to say that *that* was the only cause of our depression.

"Russ spent as much time as he possibly could with me on the set. He watched me every moment. And I felt more at ease when he was with me or near me.

"On the Thursday before the accident, his mother was taken to the hospital with a serious heart ailment. That same day my physician had advised me to go to some resort for a week or ten days, the moment I was through with my picture, to get a complete rest. Russ couldn't bear the thought of separation, but I told him that he could drive me to Santa Barbara and come for me at the end of my stay. He consented to that because he was devoted to his mother and, of course, wanted to remain near her.

"The day before the accident, I drove up with my secretary to a friend's mountain cabin in Big Bear. I planned to remain there a day or so, then return to Hollywood, and on the following day to go to Santa Barbara.

"I was strangely uneasy Saturday night. I'm not a hysterical person. I'm logical and, I think, pretty well balanced, but on the drive from Hollywood I almost turned back twice. It seemed as if something were calling me, telling me not to go up there. I dismissed my fears as foolish. We arrived at Big Bear at a quarter of ten that night. It was shortly after the telephone exchange had closed until the morning; otherwise, I would have called Russ to assure myself that he was all right.

Awakened, Crying . . .

"ALL that evening I was in a frenzy of nerves. Usually, when I go to bed, I sleep very quietly, but that night I tossed and I turned and I cried. I woke up in the middle of the night, crying, and I couldn't explain, even to myself, why. To my secretary's distressed inquiries, I replied that it must be because I was so exhausted. Yet, in the next breath I said: 'I wish I had been able to call Russ. I've got a horrible feeling that something is wrong.'

"If it hadn't seemed so utterly stupid, I would have returned home early that Sunday morning. I tried to telephone Russ, but I couldn't reach him.

"I knew Russ was going over to see Lansing Brown that day. The preceding Friday we had seen the preview of 'Wake

Up and Dream,' Russ' first starring picture. Lansing Brown was in the audience, but had gone somewhere the next day on a photographic assignment and had not been able to talk with Russ before leaving. They had been friends for ten years; Russ depended on Lansing's judgment and considered his criticism extremely valuable. He had said to me: 'If Lansing doesn't get back in time to call me tonight, I'm going over to see him tomorrow. I want to know what he really thinks about the picture.'

"The whole tragedy seems to have been a chain of circumstances leading to death. If I had turned back to Hollywood, Russ would have been with me. If Lansing had been able to telephone him on Saturday, Russ would not have gone to see Lansing on Sunday. Yet, I am certain that no matter what we might have done, Russ would have died that day.

Was Half-Prepared

"I AM convinced that if he had not met his death through that ricocheting bullet, he would have met it some other way—in an automobile accident, perhaps. His number was up. There isn't a question in my mind about that. Russ and Lansing and I had toyed with those two old dueling pistols a hundred times. We poked our fingers into the barrels and held them up to our eyes to squint up into them. Yet nothing had ever happened. We never dreamed they were loaded.

"Sub-consciously, I must have been prepared for tragedy. When the doctor telephoned to tell me of the tragic accident, I knew instantly that Russ was dying. I questioned the doctor closely. Was there a chance? Would he regain consciousness? I wanted the truth and I got it. Russ was dying. Russ would never regain consciousness. There was no use, he said, in my taking a 'plane to get to his bedside. . .

"If he had been conscious, I would have gone to him as quickly as possible, for I know that my being there at his side would have helped him. But, as it was, I took the physician's advice and started back to Hollywood by car. I had specific instructions. I was to go home and wait there for the end—that inevitable end.

"But I knew on the way down the very instant Russ died. My dog, which loved Russ, was sitting in the back of the car. Suddenly, he began to whimper. He crawled over to me and put his muzzle against my neck. Later I checked on the time—Russ had died in that very second.

Poignant Aftermath . . .

"RUSS was dead, but to his mother, ill in that hospital, he had to remain alive. So we started on a program of merciful—and heart-breaking—deception that we are maintaining to this day. I have not gone to see his mother only because the family told her that Russ and I had flown to New York, telling no one in advance in order to avoid publicity, and had been married there. . . .

"When I went East, the family arranged to have wires sent to Russ' mother, signed with both our names. Presumably from New York, we sailed for England on our honeymoon. Cables are now being sent from London to her, signed with our names.

"I am desperately lonely for Russ. We were so very close—together so constantly. I'm just beginning to feel the loss. I feel as though I were suspended in air, only slowly coming alive."

Russ Columbo is dead. And Carole Lombard is left with the remembrance of a devotion which comes to only a few favored women. That remembrance is the greatest monument to Russ Columbo!

How Joan Crawford Keeps Her Men Friends Interested

(Continued from page 29)

ground—on their own battlefield of wit, humor, and honesty. She discards like a cloak that super-feminine appeal that has made her famous.

Joan has made a career of friendship. She knows how to cater to that invisible vanity that all men have. To each one of her court, she gives the understanding that his individual nature needs. With each one, out of her own manifold nature, she establishes a different mental contact, based on the particular interests of the man.

No one man could ever fulfil all the spiritual requirements of Joan Crawford. No one man could ever cope with the many impulses that are hers. While there is a communal friendship between the members of the court and herself, there are specific antennae of understanding, with Joan as a source, that go to each one of them.

Each Knows a Different Joan

EVERY man is bound to Joan by one definite tie. The thrilling and tragic quality that mirrors itself in Joan's searching eyes finds reflection in the nature of anyone whose life has had its quota of sadness, as Lynn Riggs' has had. Joan's sympathy, her sensitiveness, her appreciation of the troubles of others, is understood by Jerry Asher, who himself is a sensitive type.

Joan's realization that her life has been far too introspective and that she must teach herself to look upon the extraneous world with more objectiveness is in response to Franchot Tone, who is substantially a realist, who has an academic reaction to the world as a whole. He analyzes situations and experiences and people, not so much in relation to himself, but as they exist, as they occur in themselves. And this reinforces Joan's impulse to live a life much less complicated by internal emotion.

Joan has an uncanny ability to respond to the salient characteristics of every man who has been her friend. That is true of Ricardo Cortez, Alexander Kirkland and the others who have been, and are, her friends.

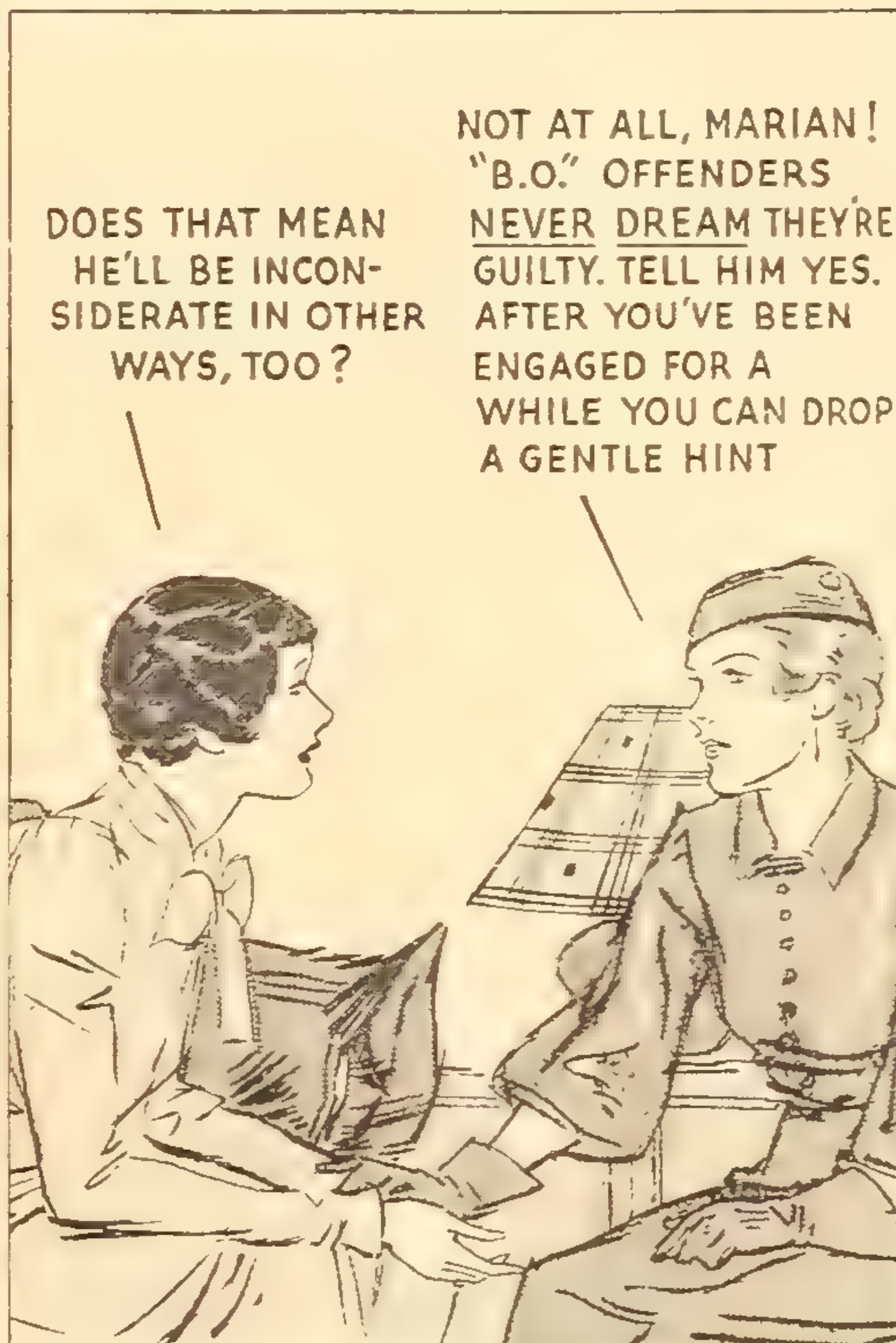
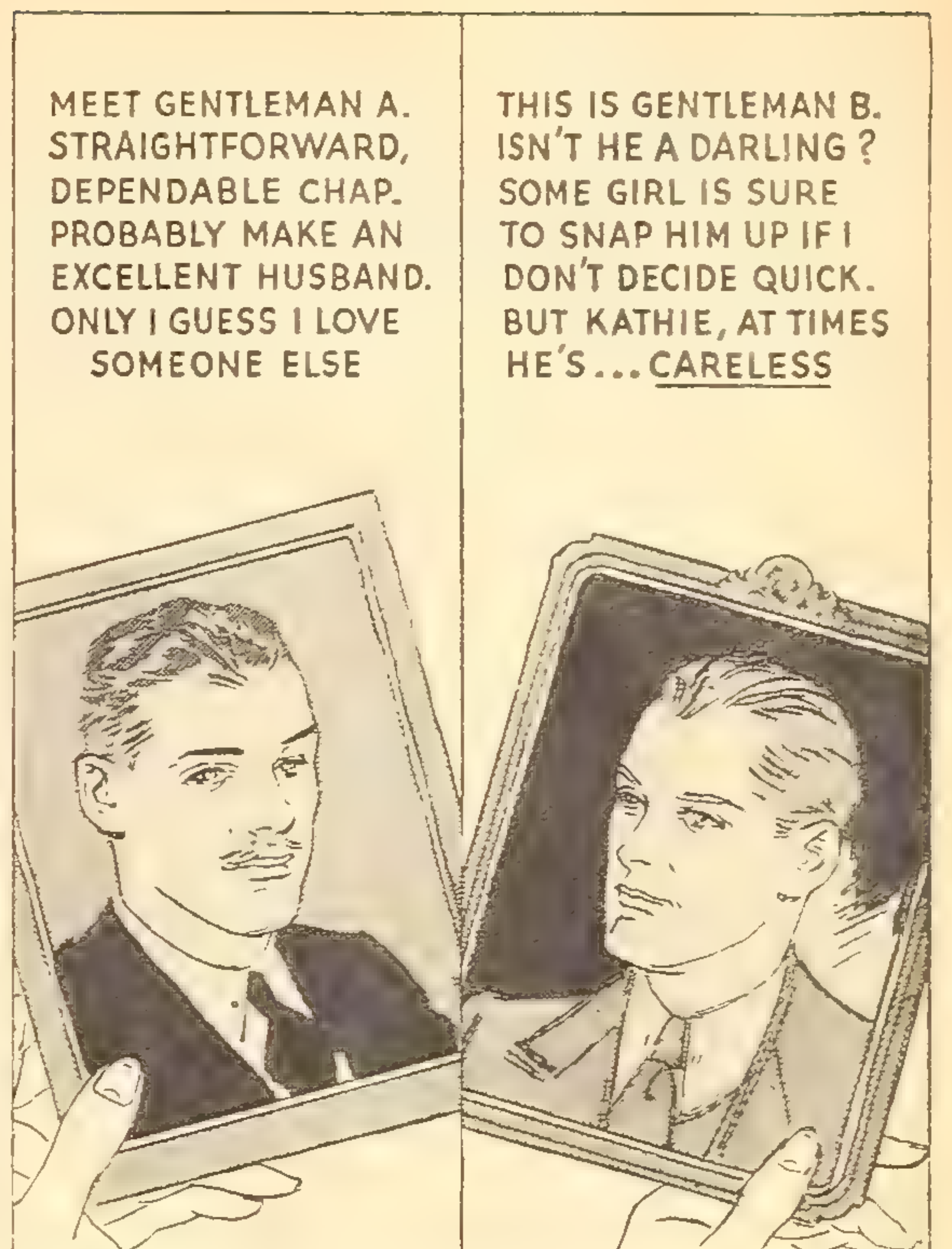
Friendship is important to Joan. She tends each sprouting interest as tenderly as a newly made garden. She studies the temperament and the predilections of every person who is continually with her. No careless expression of a like or dislike in Joan's presence goes unheeded. For example, not long after Lynn Riggs became a member of the charmed circle, he mentioned his fondness for baking-powder biscuits. Since then, whenever he is Joan's dinner guest, those biscuits appear on the menu.

Joan discovered that Brahms' "Lullaby" was Jerry Asher's favorite. Joan ordered that record the following morning and, when Jerry arrived that evening, it was on the phonograph.

Franchot Tone is an avid reader, and Joan takes devious ways to discover what new books he might like and surprises him with them. He gives first musical allegiance to the master compositions. Whole recorded symphonies are among her possessions now.

Her devotion to the people she trusts, to the people whose loyalty she doesn't question, is never expressed in words—always in thoughtful acts. Recently, Ruth Gordon, a famous Broadway stage luminary, was Helen Hayes' house-guest. Joan had heard Franchot's tributes to her art and knew his desire to meet her. And so, one evening when he arrived, he found Miss Gordon and Miss Hayes as Joan's guests—a surprise she had kept in reserve for him.

(Continued on page 69)



I'M GLAD YOU LIKE MY COMPLEXION, DEAR. YOURS IS MUCH CLEARER, TOO

THAT'S BECAUSE I'M USING YOUR SOAP—LIFEBOUY

LIFEBOUY brings to complexions just the care they need! Its gentle, pore-penetrating lather searches out dirt and clogged wastes. Clears and freshens dull skins to glowing health. Every night massage Lifebuoy lather well into pores; then rinse. See new beauty soon!

"B.O." danger over-present

Even on bitter cold days, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Play safe with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Abundant in hot, cold, hard or soft water—its lather deodorizes pores. Stops "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau

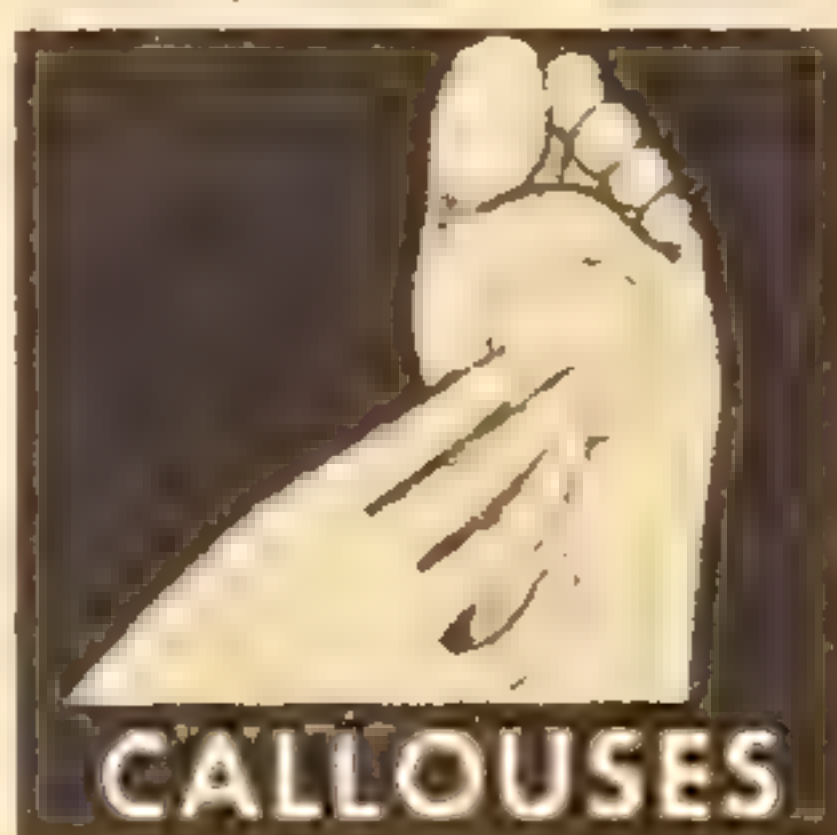
NRA CODE



You never tried anything so wonderful for your feet as the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The way they instantly relieve pain and quickly loosen and remove corns and callouses; the protection they give from shoe friction and pressure that cause corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes and blisters—will delight you. But that isn't all!

NEW FEATURES

These soothing, healing pads have the marvelous new flexible, flesh color Skintex covering of exquisite softness for greater ease and comfort, which also hides foot blemishes and makes them invisible under sheer hose. They are waterproof, don't come off in the bath or stick to the stocking. Easily doubled in value, yet cost no more than before! By all means try them. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores.



NEW De Luxe
Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 12-M, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Have You Got the Makings of a Comedian?

(Continued from page 31)

I told him what W. C. Fields had said, Schnozzola was off to the races...

He exploded, "Who said that? W. C.? Where lies the clown with soul so dead, or sumpin'? Am I mortified? Why, look at Chaplin, look at Lloyd, look at Durante—rich men, every one of 'em. Listen, I'll jingle it for you!

"Why, I've been cuttin' coupons all of my life. I Love coupons. Fried, stewed, baked—there's nothin' so tasty as a nice, fat, gold-edged coupon. How mortifyin' that a Durante should be subjected to this indignity!

"Why, supposin' that I wasn't a rich man. Suppose that I was just a punk comic? Think of it! What would happen? This would happen: I'd be worryin' about gettin' my eatin' money; I'd be worryin' about the rent. Could I be funny like I am now? Considel it. How ridiculum! Considel it! Instead of bein' mediocre like I am now, I would only be colossal. It would be positively revoltin'. . . You can come right out and say that Durante is in favor of bigger and better pay-checks for all comics!"

Made Sure They Would Laugh

LOUISE FAZENDA approached the question from a more serious angle. She had come to my house to talk to me about it.

This is what she said: "The making of a comedian—a woman comedian, at least—comes from hurt feelings. No woman on earth wants to be funny. No woman on earth wants to be laughed at. In fact, the last thing on earth any woman wants is to be considered funny. I believe that every comedienne is the child of an inner tragedy. I don't know if all of the funny men are 'clowns with aching hearts,' but I do know that all funny women are, if they'll be honest about it—" (I thought, as Louise was talking, of the day that Edna May Oliver—who once had singing ambitions—said to me, "Every time I look at a funny still of mine, a knife goes through me.")

Louise was saying, "I'm feminine—and I'm human. I love to be dressed in laces and velvets and flowers. Do you suppose that I wouldn't give anything in the world to be a romantic type—and dress like one? Do you suppose that I enjoy wearing my hair skinned back into a towering pompadour, or enjoy wearing funny clothes and taking funny falls and making funny faces? I remember—too well—when I first began to do comedies. I looked upon them as something temporary; I had other ambitions.

"And because I got my movie start by provoking laughs, I made sure that they got good laughs. If people know that you expect them to laugh at you, that's one thing. If they laugh when you don't expect it, that's another."

Ruggles, the Research Man

SAID suave Charlie Ruggles, "If you want to be a comedian, you must have a perception of what makes the other fellow laugh. Because the catch in comedy is that what is funny to Joe Doakes may not be funny at all to Susie Spareribs. And you not only have to find out what is funny to the other fellow, individually, but you also have to find out what is funny to the majority of other fellows. It is a life-work. In order to 'get it,' you have to practise incessantly, work all of the time. I spend most of my spare time now in playing funny tricks on people, telling funny stories and then carefully tabulating my findings. This antic makes six out of ten people laugh, I will note. Another antic perhaps got laughs from

only three out of ten approached, and so on.

"A comedian should certainly be married so that he can try out his funny business at home. It's a ten-to-one shot that if his wife laughs at him, anyone in the world will.

"This business of being a comedian is a serious business. It takes more clinical work than any job I know—which accounts for the fact that most funny men are so Hamletish off their jobs, I suppose. Look at Chaplin and Lloyd—dignity covers them like a mantle.

"I work all of the time. I sit in railway waiting rooms, in stores, in theatre lobbies and in hotel lobbies and watch people come in and out, note the funny little things they do or the things that would be funny if they were given a little fillip.

"You can't manufacture comedy stuff. You have to feel it. You have to believe that it is side-splittingly funny, yourself, or it is a fact that no one else will think so. And to make yourself laugh at your own antics is a man-sized job if I ever knew one. And you must know when to stop being funny. More life-of-the-party types have been deaths-of-the-party because they didn't carry a mental stop-watch.

"Keep taking notes on your fellow-men, be married and use your marriage as a laugh-laboratory, and test your stuff on yourself—that's my recipe for the makings of a comedian."

"Never Think You're Funny—"

JACK OAKIE announced, inflating the Oakie chest, winking the Oakie eye, "The making of a comedian is a simple matter—look at me. It consists of one simple and primary rule: The comedian must not think that he is funny! The minute a smart-aleck guy sticks his chest out, like this, or winks his eye, like that, and says, 'I'm a scream, laugh at me'—that minute he is about as humorous as a supervisor's opinion of an actor.

"The comedian must understand human nature. That's why I'm so democratic. I take all the girls out. I watch waiters in hotels, taxi drivers, elevator operators, policemen, politicians, children and other actors. I pull nifties on all of 'em and watch how they react. Next day I pull the same nifties on Marlene Dietrich and C. B. de Mille and others and see how the rest of the world takes 'em. And by this ingenious method I strike a mean average and Know My Public.

"A comedian should not rely only upon the spoken word. He should not have to say anything funny. A man who is continually wise-cracking is apt to become monotonous. Some of the best comedy scenes I have done were completely lacking in dialogue. The facial reaction to a situation is sometimes funnier than the spoken line and it should be possible to make it so. Just don't think you are funny—let the other fellow do the thinking—and you'll wake up to find yourself a comic. It's simple."

So what does it take to be a comic? It sounds about as simple to me as the Einstein Theory or the teachings of Lao-Tze. W. C. Fields was right when he said that comedians are individuals and no one like any other one. One says that you should be married if you would be a funster, another says you should not. One says that comedy is made of a bubbling spring of laughter, and another says that it comes from heartache. One says that you should be as poor as an inmate of the county home and another says that coupon-cutting is a helpful procedure. W. C. opined that each must speak for himself. Each has. You figure it out!

How Joan Crawford Keeps Her Men Friends Interested

(Continued from page 67)

This Joan has the wit and the art to establish little secret bonds—to share thoughts and deeds unknown to the others—with each one of her court. She never embarrasses anyone by her attentions. She does it with delicacy and with superb tact. Birthdays and holidays and special occasions are always remembered by her, but gifts are made in private. Kindnesses are never flaunted when all are present.

Friendship with her is not a routine, but the practice of a masterly art. She asks sincerity, honesty, loyalty—inherently masculine attributes—from the men who call her "friend." And they know that her friendship will be honest, sincere, loyal.

Being a woman, she loves flattery and attention—all those little tributes that are automatic with men and are a studied thing with women. Which, in itself, is a paradox. She notes omissions, is hurt by defaults. Recently, one friend's card with his personal message was not in a box of flowers he had sent her. There were long-stemmed roses, and lilies, and a dozen gardenias, but the card was absent, and so the gift lost some of its value, much as she appreciated his thoughtfulness.

Joan, herself, sending a gift to a friend, never forgets that heart-warming little personal touch, that tangible token of friendship. She wants him to feel her interest in his interests, his ambitions. But that is only one reason why she has accomplished the Herculean task of transforming adoration into steadfast friendship!

He'll Make Movies That Will Live

(Continued from page 63)

iron boot booted him. Before Hitler he owned and operated four theatres in Berlin, including the famous Grosse Schauspielhaus. His withdrawal from his beloved Berlin and his retreat to his native Austria is said to have cost him thirty million marks.

I asked him about it. He shrugged.

"Can you return to Germany?" I demanded.

He shrugged, and grinned. "I wasn't run out of Germany," he said. "I saw the handwriting on the wall, and departed."

"At a tremendous sacrifice?" I questioned.

Again the grin, and shrug.

"How long will you remain in Hollywood?"

Reinhardt's dreamy eyes looked out upon the city. There was a tear in his eye—again.

"Forever," he whispered. "I hope—forever."

Writers' Note: In a recent interview Ernst Lubitsch, the great director, disclosed that his secret dream was to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But Herr Lubitsch isn't tearing his hair. Herr Lubitsch, a disciple of "The Little Professor," is immensely pleased.

"I KNEW it," says Lubitsch. "I KNEW it. The Professor! Ach! There IS a man! He will make of 'The Dream' a picture that will be exhibited long after Hollywood has been forgotten."

As for Warner Brothers, they are deserving of the warmest congratulations in paying homage—to such a genius of the arts as Reinhardt, and signing him to carry on under their banner.

A brighter smile makes Doris a winner



ACCORDING TO THIS AD, EVEN MY SMILE COULD BE LOVELY. IT SAYS TEETH AREN'T NATURALLY DULL — ONLY STAINED AND YOU CAN GET THESE STAINS OFF

THAT'S RIGHT. IF YOU DOUBT IT, JUST ASK DR. JUDD.

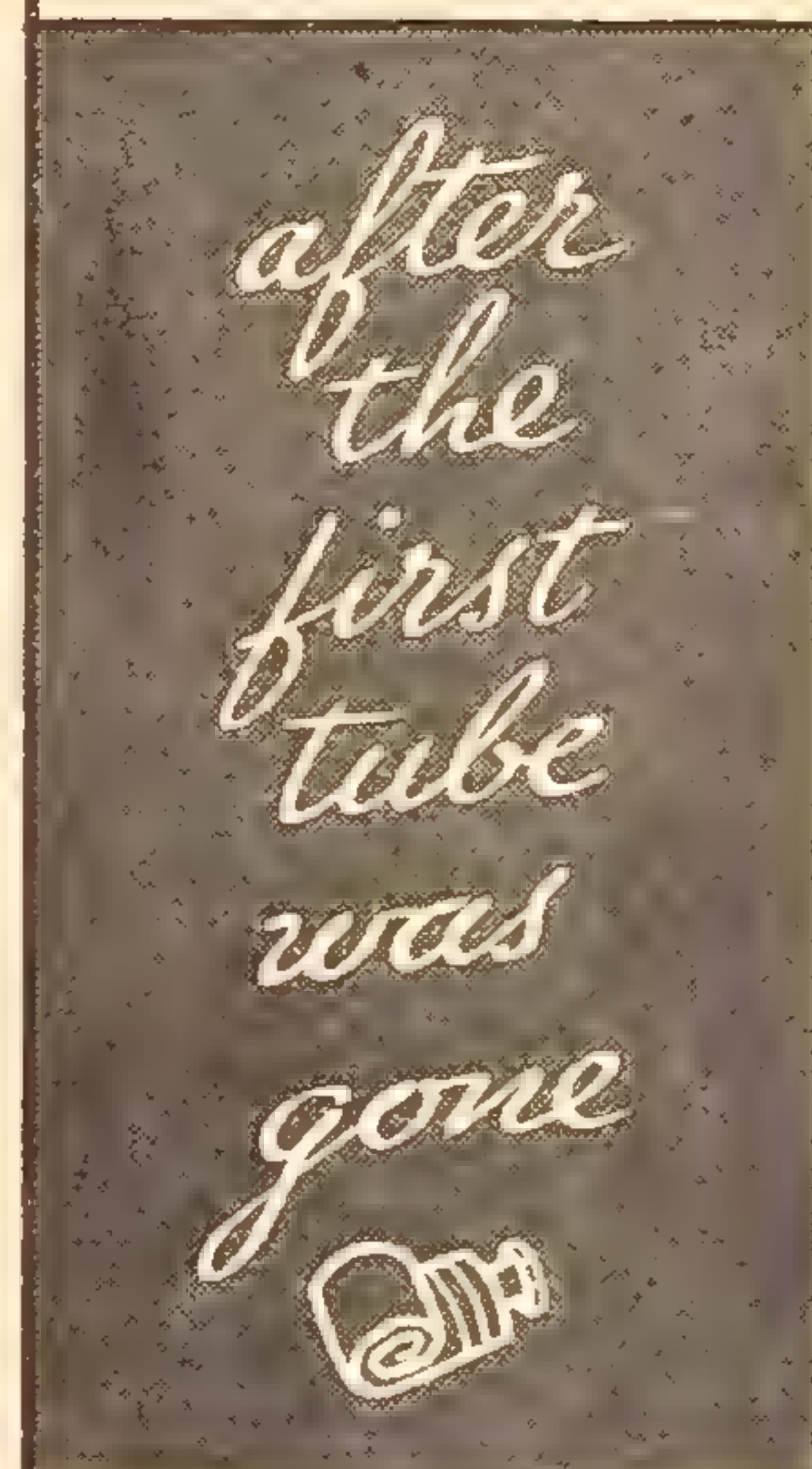


YES—FOOD AND DRINK AND TOBACCO LEAVE 7 KINDS OF STAINS ON TEETH. AND ONLY A TWO-ACTION TOOTH PASTE LIKE COLGATE'S CAN REMOVE THEM—COMPLETELY.

I'LL START USING COLGATE'S!

Doris was wrong in thinking her teeth were "naturally dull." For dull teeth are only stained teeth. Everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth. And unless all 7 stains are removed *completely*, our teeth finally become stained—discolored.

Most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action . . . can't remove all 7 stains. For two actions are needed—the *two* you get in Colgate's. First, a penetrating foam washes away many stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing teeth to a brilliant lustre.



Colgate's can give you a brighter smile, too. At 20c it's the most economical of all good toothpastes. It also leaves the

mouth refreshed, the breath sweet. Start using Colgate's today and have whiter teeth . . . a brighter smile.

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GIANT
TUBE
(DOUBLE
QUANTITY)
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NO COSMETICS
NO PRACTICING

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"It's All In Fun," Says Mae West

(Continued from page 27)

molded, wiggle by wiggle, wile by wile, and wisecrack by wisecrack, out of a combination of imagination and observation.

"They say it took Frank Bacon twenty years to build life into 'Lightnin'," drawled Mae, "and for a while I thought it would take me as long to make my character talk and look lifelike. I'd build a bit of her here and a bit of her there, and then go out looking for tricks and characteristics that would give her the particular tang and lure she needed.

"I nursed her along like a writer nurses a plot, a musician nurses a melody, a lawyer nurses a case and a doctor nurses a pain. And all the time I had to be careful not to get my mixture too sharp or too hard—for fear of giving her characteristics that the public would resent.

"You know," Mae grinned, "it never would do to let a man see in *Lady Lou* or *Ruby Carter* the sweet young thing that had made a sucker out of him, or"—and the smile vanished—"to let a woman see in either of them a fair picture of herself as she is preparing to shake down her boy-friend. That's why my characters have to be different—and a little exaggerated—so that neither man nor woman can resent them and can get laughs."

Shrewd enough to understand human nature, good-hearted enough not to want to hurt anyone's feelings, and with sufficient sense of humor to do the whole thing just in fun—that's Mae West. Fortunately, her fun doesn't run to cutting wit, but to friendly good humor. Always you feel that Mae is laughing with you at her characters—that it's all in fun.

I once heard someone remark that Mae West just fell into something soft by being herself on the screen. Perish the thought! It is extremely doubtful if a character has ever appeared on the screen that was built with greater care and finesse than Mae's rollicking, kind-hearted, lureful lady, who swaggers from picture to picture.

She Pads Her Dynamite

FINESSE? That's the word—finesse. The same sort of finesse a ham-fisted Irish railroad section foreman I used to know in North Dakota used in dynamiting bridges free of rising ice. That Irishman used to carry his dynamite padded in cotton-waste. Mae pads hers with human kindness, softening her characters with good deeds and sentimental urges.

John Barrymore, who knows his theatre as few people ever knew it, once remarked that the public accepted Mae's characters with friendly gusto because she gave them Robin Hood qualities; because they were kindly, and never bitter or devoid of humor.

That is why men, women and children enjoy Mae's burlesques of lureful ladies. Mae's terrific sense of humor absolutely compels this burlesque. Even though she seriously uses it to take the sting away from her characters, she cannot prevent its cropping out of its own accord.

"It's all in fun," says Mae. "The audiences laugh at my gals as much as I do—so where's the harm? Certainly the kids don't like them because they are vicious—but because they are human, and humorous and kindly. I make them take from the bad and give to the good. I make 'em swagger enough so that you can't take them seriously."

"I created them for entertainment—and you'll have to admit they've been entertaining. They've entertained millions, and never given anybody a headache. They're a tonic.

People don't leave the theatre where they saw a Mae West picture buried in frowns. No, Sir; they come out laughing.

What Her Public Tells Her

"I THINK most people know there is a lot of burlesque and a lot of fun behind it all. You ought to see the fan letters I get. They all say the same thing—'Don't go goody-goody on us,' 'Don't be a sissy, Mae,' and that sort of thing. And I know they were grinning when they wrote the letters."

Everything about Mae is swashbuckling and good-hearted. Also frank and above-board. Believe it or not, there is nothing she hates quite so heartily as a really predatory woman—one of those strictly legitimate, absolutely proper, mercenary gold-diggers. Especially if she happens to be sharp and hard along with it. And how she loves to lambast that type of woman in her shows! Here's something else that will give you a glimpse of the real Mae West:

"You know," she explained to me, "almost every day I'm turning down stories that people submit to me because the women in them are too hard, too sharp and too selfish. There are too many of these true-to-life, calculating, mean, mercenary characters around for me to create another.

"My girls' morals may be a little off-center—but they're human, with human faults and human kindnesses. I don't mind if my characters gold-dig a little, so long as they mean well and keep what they get in circulation—and as long as they aren't hypocrites.

"I won't have my women characters selfish and mercenary," Mae continued, "because hardness kills appeal. I don't care how physically fascinating a woman may be on the screen, as soon as men see that she is grasping and selfish, her appeal flops cold. Yes sir, selfishness and hardness can make any woman look like a dose of poison to a man. In real life, a selfish woman can keep her victim from seeing farther than her physical charms, but when she is exposed on the screen, her lure falls away like a rotting tunic.

One Secret of Appeal

ON the other hand, weakness builds appeal. You know how the men eat up that clinging vine, 'I'm so weak' act. That's why my gals have their weaknesses, and why I write faults and human kindness into their character.

"Then there's another thing," began Mae—only to stop abruptly, with a grin. "H'm," she laughed, "if I keep on talking, I'll tell you all I know, and then somebody else will be writing my stuff. Guess I'd better keep my theories to myself."

Mae, however, did break down long enough to explain that her particular worry on the picture she is now writing is in finding the right period for her new story.

"My characters must have old-time background for two reasons," added Mae. "First, so that they can be more effectively burlesqued; second, so that no man in the audience can see too close a resemblance in Mae's girl to someone who has recently taken him for a buggy-ride."

Competition, Mae grinningly admits, would be a little too tough for her less mercenary, weaker gals.

All of this makes us realize that Mae's sense of humor and keen knowledge of human nature will keep her starring in pictures for some time to come; if not as a girl like *Lady Lou*, then as some other equally human character of equal originality.

Lessons in Loveliness

(Continued from page 13)

a bit of facial tissue before you renew your powder. It's very easy to carry a bit of facial tissue in your bag.

And do you always—after applying lipstick—close your lips briefly and firmly over a bit of facial tissue? Do it next time and see the difference. . . .

No, there's nothing especially intriguing or tempting about these two tips I've just given you, but the point is that it is just such seemingly little "tricks" that make all the difference in the world to your one-and-only face.

Is the effective application of eyeshadow a problem to you? There are two bad mistakes made in the use of eyeshadow. One is putting eyeshadow under the eyes. NEVER put eyeshadow under your eyes—only on that part of the eyelid that covers the eyeball, from corner to corner of the eyelid. . . . Smooth it on very lightly and delicately for daytime. It's all wrong to put on eyeshadow so heavily in the daytime that people can see you coming with it. . . . But for evening, eyeshadow SHOULD be applied more heavily, and so should rouge and lipstick, because artificial lights "fade" the appearance of make-up. Therefore, to get the right effect, apply it more vividly than you would for daylight.

The other mistake about eyeshadow is the indiscriminate use of *blue* eyeshadow. . . . Blue eyeshadow is only for the blue-eyed and gray-eyed; but at that, I should not select blue eyeshadow for gray eyes, if your choice has to be limited to just one shade of eyeshadow. . . . An orchid or lavender shade of eyeshadow of a good brand can do much more alluring things for gray eyes—in fact, for eyes of any color. Moreover, it can be worn harmoniously with clothes of any color. . . . To blue eyes, an orchid or lavender eyeshadow gives that romantic shade that has been glorified in song and story as "violet" eyes.

The use of eyebrow pencil is so easy and has been described so often that I think we can skip it this time.

The Secret of Lovely Lashes

MASCARA or cosmetique is to be applied with the little brush that comes with it—brushing lightly upward underneath the lashes. And it is hardly necessary to remind anyone—who-knows-what that heavy "beading" or stuck-together lashes are decidedly second-rate. A good cosmetique or mascara leaves the lashes soft and silky.

The right kind of make-up—the kind that is right for YOU, according to your age and type—can make the "plainest" girl attractive, and can make a naturally attractive girl downright irresistible. But no matter how clever you are about your make-up, the effect depends a great deal on the condition of your skin—so don't forget your bed-time facial.

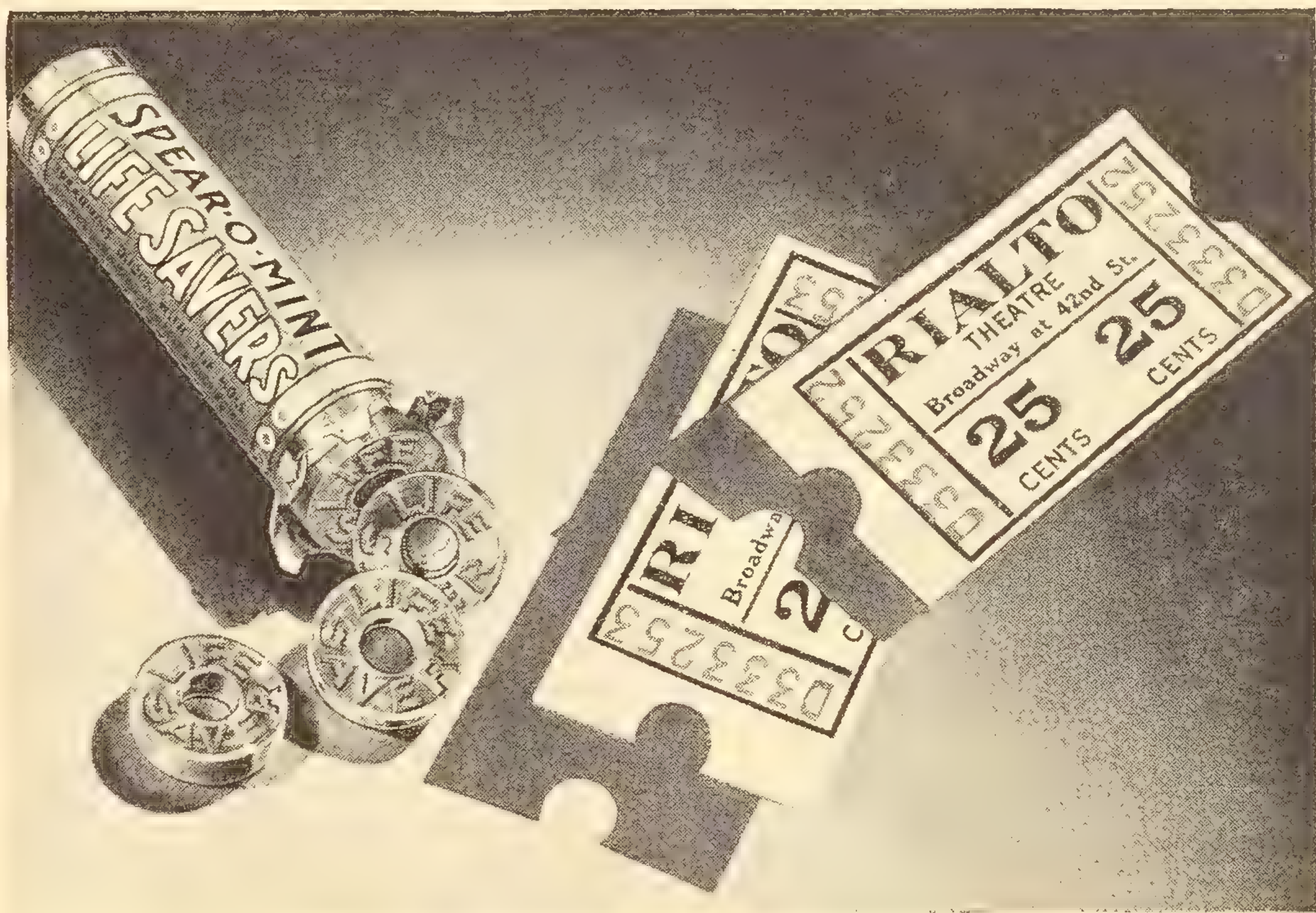
Quickly apply your cleansing cream . . . wipe it off . . . then use soap and water . . . then apply your nourishing cream all over your face and neck, if you need it—but always, ALWAYS a bit of nourishing cream should be gently smoothed on the eyelids and around the eyes to keep those squint-lines from sinking in around your eyes. . . .

Now, no matter how tired or sleepy you are, you can certainly keep your eyes open a couple of minutes longer to do those things. . . . The renewed freshness of your skin, when you wake up in the morning, will more than repay you.

More about this, and *Why Beauty Secrets*, in the next issue. Meanwhile, have a good time at those Fall proms!

(Note: To those within the range of Station WFOR [710 k], Miss Vinick is on the air at 11 a. m. on Mondays and Thursdays, and at 3:15 p. m. on Wednesdays.—Editor.)

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My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. We teach Beauty Culture. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet. D. J. MAHLER CO. Dept. 19N Providence, R. I.

Broadway's Greatest Actor Comes to the Screen

(Continued from page 36)

The camera is a greater challenge to ability than the footlights. I, personally, find picture work much more stimulating than the stage, because each day brings new problems that must be solved.

"On the stage, it has been my custom to steep myself in a character until I was no longer conscious of a mental effort to speak or act or think in the manner of that character. But if a play runs any length of time I—like all other actors—have a fight against routine, against a certain dullness that inevitably creeps into my characterization. I am continually making a mental and physical effort to hold the character, which I have evolved through intense study, emotionally true to type.

"On the screen, it's different. In the beginning I may have a general idea of the character I am creating, yet every day I have the inspiring problem of how best to manifest that character for individual scenes. I don't have a chance to grow into my rôle so that it becomes monotonous."

His Life Explains His Ability

HENRY HULL'S power to analyze, to appraise without permitting extraneous influences to befog his judgment is the direct result of his education and his experience. As newspaperman and engineer, he learned to deal with facts.

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, the son of a newspaper man and was one of three brothers who were to win fame on the stage. He went to grammar school and to high school, thence to the College of the City of New York and to Cooper Union and Columbia Universities. First he tried his hand at newspaper work because it satisfied his adventurous spirit. But he wanted something even more vital than that—something that would bring him to grips with more essential problems. So he went to the Cobalt mining district of Northern Ontario, as a mining engineer, assayer, mineralogist and prospector.

His life in the mines was interesting, thrilling, venturesome. During those days he could conceive of nothing preferable to the rugged existence he led. But his contentment was disrupted when he went to Chicago to attend the wedding of his brother, Shelley, an actor on Broadway.

Shelley had silk shirts and tailor-made clothes. His life was gracious, with all the comforts that civilization could offer. Henry Hull's mackinaws and heavy sweaters suffered in contrast. But what really compelled him to abandon his career of engineer and to seek a career on the stage (he says, amusedly) was a pair of gold links in the double cuffs of a silk shirt that his brother gave him to wear to the wedding.

The adventures of the North no longer intrigued him. The lights and the glamour of the stage, even in that brief contact, dwarfed every other ambition. He told his brothers, Shelley and Howard, the latter also an important figure on the stage, of his decision to try for fame in the theatre. They agreed to help him, but only on his promise to return to Cobalt, mop up his job there, and await word from them when there was a part available for him.

His first job on the stage was really four jobs in one. He played three "bits" in "The Nigger" in New York, and in addition was assistant stage manager.

After almost a year in this famous Sheldon drama, he joined a stock company—a grand training school for ambitious youngsters—in Syracuse, New York. At the end of those important and routinized

months, he had the "feel" of the stage. There was no question in his mind that he had chosen wisely when he switched careers. He next played Greek repertoire with Margaret Anglin for two and a half years. Later he joined a St. Louis stock company.

Singularly enough, Henry Hull's entire career has been punctuated with long engagements. He has had one success after another. He created the rôle of *Henry Parker* in "The Man Who Came Back," which played two and a half years in New York and on the road.

Discovered—Then Neglected

HE first entered pictures as long ago as 1917 when he was starred with Carlyle Blackwell and other "biggies" of the silent and early era. In 1920, D. W. Griffith signed him for "One Exciting Night," and later he was featured with Doris Kenyon in "The Last Moment."

But, incredible as it seems now, it wasn't until his sensational success in "Tobacco Road" that he was recognized as definite star calibre for pictures. In "Great Expectations," Universal expects to give to American—and world—movie audiences a personality who will be a definite departure from the usual screen hero. For one thing, he is one of the greatest pantomimists of the stage—being able to tell more with a gesture or a look than most actors can say with dramatic words. For another thing, he does not insist on being romantic; he prefers vivid, earthly characters.

Henry Hull is an actor with a brain. His interests and his tastes are varied. He discusses with equal discernment child psychology, the future of the drama, the universality of truth, Greek tragedy, and the past, present and future of literature and the arts. And he takes greater pride in the fact that his wife is a granddaughter of General John Charles Fremont, famous in California history, than in his own very marked achievements.

He refuses to "view with alarm" the future of the theatre or of motion pictures. He looks forward to the day when talent in both mediums will be more conclusively interchangeable than it is to-day.

Actors Will Break the Wall . . .

"EVENTUALLY," he declares, "the wall between the theatre and motion pictures will be obliterated. Ultimately, good actors will develop skill in both mediums. A creative actor will play to a select audience on the stage, and the same actor will later make the same play in Hollywood for world distribution."

Henry Hull, dodging personal publicity, wants to be known—and remembered—for his rôles alone. The less that audiences know about him as a person, the more easily he can achieve reality in their eyes as make-believe persons. He isn't shrouding himself in mystery. He just shuns personality ballyhoo.

Here are the vital statistics on him: He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes, speaks five languages fluently, is addicted to re-reading of "Tom Sawyer," has no special interest in athletic games, but rides and swims expertly, and can sit at a bridge table for hours without complaint. He comes of good American stock dating back to the 1600's, has been happily married for several years, and has three children.

Watch for Henry Hull on the screen. He is something new under the movie sun!

Doug and Gertie Rival the Royal Romantics

(Continued from page 53)

Almost ten years ago, Doug, Jr., then an adolescent boy, first saw Gertrude in "Charlot's Revue," and afterward met her at a party. "I fell in love with her then," he told us on his last visit, "and when I saw her again years later in London, I knew suddenly that I had been looking for her, missing her, hunting for her ever since—"

Now they are London's latest darlings, this tall, boyish, ardent young American, and this woman to whom his adoration has brought a second spring. They walk together, hand in hand, down London streets as though they were country lanes, without a glance for other people. They dance together nightly at the smart supper places, and world-weary men and women gaze at their rapt faces. On week-ends, they sail with parties of friends in the small yacht that Doug presented to her, and high society has opened its arms to them.

As Popular as a Prince

"AMERICANS are adored in London nowadays," our friend informs us. "They are the pets of the theatrical world. But only if they are honest enough to stay American. And Doug has remained American in his habits and ways, and at the moment he is the hit of the public over there, occupying much the same place in their hearts that the English used to reserve exclusively for the Prince of Wales."

It's "Doug and Gertie" or "Gertie and Doug" nowadays, on every English tongue. Sentimental girls follow them on the streets, romantic costermongers gape at them, old ladies of the aristocracy pet them, and the whole town, apparently, wants the opportunity to see them look into each other's eyes under the stage moonlight.

For here is a romance backed with renunciation. For the sake of Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has deliberately and cheerfully refused a quarter of a million dollars' worth of rôles in Hollywood this last year. To be with her, he has temporarily turned from the screen to the London stage.

Wanted the World to See

FOR the sake of the woman he idolizes, Doug produced this play in which they are now starring together, stage-managed it, directed it. He could not resist the chance to display his idolatry, thinly disguised under a story plot, so that the whole world would know how he feels!

"There is no use in your cabling me any more offers," he wrote his Hollywood agent. "I might as well stay near Gertrude. I would spend every cent I made in America, talking with her on the long distance telephone, anyway!"

London isn't even speculating on their marriage. The public is enthralled with its newest Young Romance. All the world loves a lover, and the drama surrounding these lovers adds to the glamour. Here are a handsome boy, and a beautiful woman older than he is, who now seems as young—both of whom, so happy now, have had unhappy first marriages. Here is a boy in his middle twenties, willing to give up the fame and fortune that Hollywood has to offer just to be near the lady of his heart.

And now it looks as though the only way to get Doug, Jr., back to Hollywood again is to offer a contract to talented, popular Gertrude Lawrence, too! And that is exactly what it seems likely some company is going to do. They are reported planning to appear next in a Broadway play—and the movie offers are bound to pour in. And if "Doug and Gertie" decide to accept one of them, America will have a chance to get dewy-eyed over these lovers, too.

Men Avoided Me



I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

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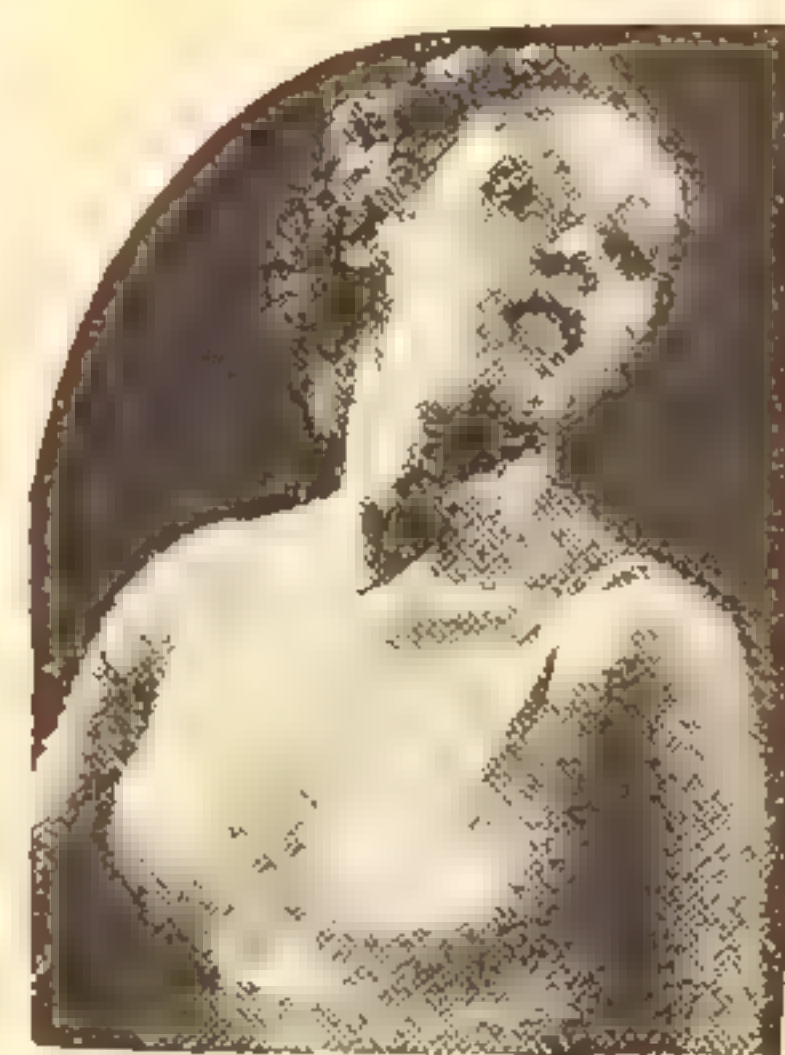


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"Unusual . . . ?" That's Putting It Mildly!

(Continued from page 54)

owned the town. But when I landed in Hollywood, I turned to my cousin, Edna, and said, 'I'll be a so-and-so if this isn't just the swellest town I ever ran into.' And I haven't changed my mind since."

It Was Work or Starve

Binnie is colorful. She stems from a colorful background that is something to read about. One moment she is light and gay, and her brown eyes are flashing fire. The next she is moody and serious. But through it all she is intensely human and real, and she has a grand sense of humor.

Binnie was born in London twenty-seven years ago, the daughter of a London policeman and his pretty Italian-English wife. Her life was marred in her early teens by the death of her father, who left his widow nothing but a bunch of youngsters and some memories. So Binnie and her mother had to go to work. Housework was all they knew, so it was housework they did in order to keep a roof over their heads and food in their tummies.

"My mummy was good enough to go out and scrub floors for me, so she is good enough to meet any of my friends," she declared. "I am ashamed of people who are ashamed of their fathers and mothers, who might have been something different if they hadn't had to slave for their kids. I don't want anything to do with such people."

The struggle for existence eliminated school from the early life of Binnie, but she soon graduated from housework to milking cows on a farm not far from London. Then she drove a milk-cart through the London streets in the dark, cold early-morning hours. She followed this with a job as kennel maid in a big dog kennel.

And now let Binnie tell it:

Golden Rule Paid Dividends

"I FINALLY landed as a waitress in a restaurant. It was a good job, for I was sure of my food. The place was near a public dance hall where a lot of 'taxi dancers' were employed. They were a grand gang of girls with big appetites and often thin purses, so I used to slip them extras on the side. They liked me for this and finally got me a job as a 'taxi dancer.'"

"I felt swell in that job. I had to wear a pretty dress. It made me feel so glamorous, even though I did have to slap the faces of a few fresh eggs. I left there to go to the Cosmo Club, where a lot of theatrical people came, and then the drama bug bit me.

"I cut loose from the club, and started a tour of producers' offices that made me feel that they didn't want me in London plays. Eating suddenly became a problem, and what a thrill when someone would ask me out to dinner! Pat Paterson, now in American pictures, and another girl were my pals. We were all struggling together. We shared what we had and dreamed of the future—often with empty stomachs.

"I was getting nowhere fast until Tex McLeod, a vaudeville rope-twirler and yarn-spinner from Texas, U. S. A., saw me doing an act on an amateur bill at a music hall. Tex told me he could use me in his act on a tour of South Africa. I was ready to go to the South Pole, if it meant a chance to be on the stage, so I signed.

"He told me that what I needed was to go to another country to show what I had, and then come back to England as a foreigner. It sounded screwy, but nothing else had worked—and maybe this would. On the boat to South Africa he started teaching me American slang, broke me of

my English accent, and taught me how to spin a rope just like Will Rogers—only not quite so well.

"So, when we landed at Capetown, I found myself billed as 'Texas Binnie' Barnes, a gal from the wide-open spaces who could rope cows and handle two guns like a Western sheriff. I was sure scared, but those Capetowners swallowed it like a glass of buttermilk, and I finally got so I actually believed the wild yarns I told them of my experiences on the cattle ranges I had never seen.

"I went back to London in 1928 as 'Texas Binnie' Barnes and the town opened its arms to me. They fell for this English-born Western girl like a ton of bricks.

"But I wanted to do serious things in the drama, so I quit the rope stuff and got a part in 'Silver Tassie,' in which Charles Laughton was featured. But Andre Charlot saw me act and decided I ought to be a good singer and dancer, so I landed right in his revue. My lack of a higher education began to be embarrassing, so I quit and for a year attended dramatic school and brushed up on my literature.

"Then I turned to pictures, and felt that at last I was headed right when I played with Heather Angel in 'Night in Montmartre' and with Elizabeth Allan in 'Down Our Street.' Stanley Lupino—Ida's famous father—saw me in those serious rôles, so he grabbed me and I found myself playing slapstick, vampish, burlesque characters in the Lupino comedies. I guess I must have been a good portrayer of serious stuff.

Then Came Fame

"FINALLY, I landed the part of *Fanny*, the blues singer, in Noel Coward's stage play, 'Cavalcade.' It ran for ten months at the Drury Lane Theatre, and that was my real start, for Alexander Korda saw me and signed me to a contract to play sophisticated rôles in British pictures. I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew my dizzy past was now behind me.

"Korda put me in the rôle of *Katheryn Howard* in Charles Laughton's great picture, 'The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth,' and my slapstick days were over."

Following this, Korda placed Binnie opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Private Life of Don Juan," and then the American producers started scrambling for this girl whose English success was made possible by posing as an American Westerner. Carl Laemmle, Sr., of Universal, landed her name on a long-term contract. She has done two pictures for him, "There's Always Tomorrow," and "What Ladies Dream." Now she has just dashed back to England to do one more for Korda. Then she comes back here for good.

"It's a grand thing, this business of living," says Binnie. "It sort of gets you down sometimes, but the thrill of bouncing up is worth it. It teaches you something—makes you more tolerant, more understanding. And I believe I can act better as a result of that understanding.

"I have no use for people who have never known privation, want, hunger or temptation, yet sit in judgment on the unfortunates of life. They'd probably do a terrific flop if put in similar spots. It's tough to fight your way up from the so-called lower level, but in that fight you meet the *real* people of life. It's grand, if you don't forget how to laugh!"

And just to show you how Binnie's biography is full of the unexpected, let me add that she is happily married to a well-known London antique dealer!

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"By Your Leave"

(Continued from page 47)

But a knock at the door brought him to his feet. Andree slipped into the bedroom.

It was a tailor, with another silk smoking-jacket! Desperately he got rid of the man.

Andree called softly: "Henry, do you think black silk stockings are glamorous?"

In a panic Henry stuffed the smoking-jacket behind a pillow. Taking a roll of bills from his pocket, he placed it on the table. Then sped on tiptoe from the room.

Andree, coming from the bedroom, looked about in bewilderment. She saw the bills. Understanding swept over her. She wept.

Ellen was having quite a different sort of evening. David was a delightful companion. She felt her heart warm to him. Felt the warmth of his eager interest. He showed her his yacht. He pleaded with her to join him in the proposed trip.

"Ellen, I don't want the evening to end!" he said. "You're so lovely. . . . You glow!"

"I think you'd better take me home," she said nervously.

He yielded to her insistence. The next morning he called again, to renew his plea. He brought her a sun helmet. Showed her maps. "From that little dot, we'll be alone."

But Ellen remembered Henry. "He's so sweet and honest!" she sighed.

"So are we—honest," David pleaded. But again he yielded when she said she must talk with Henry first. "But you can't go away from me!" he insisted.

"Do you need me, David?"

"I want you so," he said. "I'm counting on you to be back."

She trembled. "I will. Only —"

When Ellen arrived home at Larch Hills, Henry greeted her with strange excitement. Insisted on her going to her room to rest. Bewilderedly Ellen went up the stairs.

As she disappeared, Henry mopped his brow. From an adjoining room Freddie Clark came back, to look silently at Henry. What a predicament, Henry thought! What was he going to do? He had rushed home—to find no Ellen waiting for him as always. And though he had met seven trains, she had not come—till now—just as Freddie had come to tell him that Andree had run away and was looking for him!

The doorbell rang. Whiffen admitted Andree! She had to know, she explained, why she had been a failure.

Freddie looked at her. Then his face went blank. Ellen was tripping down the stairs. She came smiling into the room. Hastily Henry presented Andree as Freddie's fiancée! Freddie gasped.

"He's embarrassed" Henry said. "I don't blame him. After all these years—"

Ellen congratulated them. Freddie removed himself and Andree from the situation.

Henry seized Ellen's hand. Flung himself at her feet. Explanations tumbled from his unhappy lips. His marital vacation had been a flop! He had met a girl—she had frightened him—he had come home! He gazed at Ellen miserably.

What he had sought for, he had not found. What she had not desired had come to her. She thought of David. She looked at the helmet.

"Is that a present for me?" Henry asked.

"Yes—of course, dear."

He beamed. "And I have one for you!" He showed her the tiles for the bathroom.

Ellen rose and went to the phone. She called David's number. When she heard his voice, she said: "I'll have to countermand my order for tiles—my husband bought some." She could count on him to understand.

"You're right," he said, after a moment's pained silence. "I'll never forget you!"

Henry gazed at her anxiously.

"Were you really worried?" she asked.

"Tortured!" he cried. "Don't leave me!" Ellen smiled. "I guess we need each other."



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Great Expectations

(Continued from page 51)

Joe belonged with his forge at Caoling. Besides, Pip's sister had died, and Biddy was keeping house for Joe. . . . A romance was blossoming there, Pip thought.

He looked at Estella, as these thoughts raced through his mind. He was happy. "I have you in my arms!" he breathed.

"Pip!" Estella shook her head. "Will you never take warning?"

"Of what?"

"That I was not meant to make any man happy."

"You are not as shallow as you claim to be!" He held her closer.

But she moved away impatiently.

"Estella—" he pleaded, "you guess . . . you realize . . . that Miss Havisham intends us for each other?"

"She has taught me to look on love as a madness to be avoided," Estella declared.

"Is that why you favor Drummle?"

"Do you want me to deceive you, as I do the others?" she retorted.

"Do you deceive Drummle?"

"Yes—and many others—all of them, but—you." She breathed the last word.

Pip's heart leaped at the unconscious confession. "Now I am no longer afraid!" he exulted, holding her close and kissing her.

"I shall go to Miss Havisham tomorrow," Pip said resolutely, his eyes shining. "I shall demand her consent to our marriage."

But without an answering word, Estella turned and walked away from him.

"Till tomorrow," he said softly.

How could he foresee what that tomorrow would bring? As he sat happily, alone in his room since Herbert was away for a few days, he scarcely was conscious of the storm which had arisen outside, so serene was his mood. The clock in the church tower struck two. Still Pip mused contentedly by his fire, a daguerreotype of Estella in his hand.

Suddenly a sound penetrated his consciousness. It was as if the door below had been thrust open, sharply closed again. Taking a lamp from the table, Pip went out to the landing. Peering into the darkness he called: "Is someone there?"

A face rose slowly into the circle of light—a strange, terrifying face, brown and hardened by exposure to sun and wind, framed in a tangle of iron-gray hair. Keen eyes stared up at him.

"What floor do you want?" Pip held the lamp high.

"The top, Mr. Pip."

"You want me?" Pip ignored the rough hand thrust out in greeting.

"Yes, Master."

Bewilderedly Pip led the way back into his rooms. The stranger looked about him with an air of wondering pleasure. Then, as Pip stared, he pulled off his rough coat and hat. Once more he held out his hands.

But Pip drew back. "Who are you?" he demanded.

The outstretched hands dropped. "It's sorta disappointing to a man, arter having looked for'ard so long, and come so fur," he said hoarsely. "But you're not to blame, boy—neither on us is to blame—"

Pip took a step forward. "Why do you, a perfect stranger, come to my room at this hour of the night and claim acquaintance?"

The other smiled. "You're a game one! I'm glad you've growed up a game one—but don't catch hold of me!" He took the handkerchief from his neck and twisted it about his head. He looked at Pip. "Remember that day in the churchyard on the marshes?" he whispered.

Pip started. Could he ever forget that horrifying picture? *Magwitch—the convict!*

"You acted nobly, my boy, and I have never forgot it," Magwitch said heartily.

Unable to control his instinctive repul-

sion, Pip shrank back. "If you have come to thank me," he managed, "it was not necessary. . . . You must understand—"

"What must I understand?" Magwitch interrupted, with a strange, fixed gaze.

Pip spoke desperately: "That I cannot renew that chance acquaintance with you." Then, as the man stared at him, as if stricken, unable to speak, Pip felt an access of compassion. "You're tired," he said pityingly. "Will you have something to drink, before you—go?"

"I think I will—afore I—go."

Pip offered him a chair, into which he sank doubtfully. Brought him a glass of wine. "I'm sorry if I spoke harshly," he said. And added: "How are you living?"

"Since I worked out my time, I've been stock-breeding, and digging gold, away in Australia. I've done wonderful well."

"I'm glad," Pip said sincerely.

"I hoped you'd say that." Emptying his glass, the man rose and stood by the fire.

"May I be so bold as to ask how you have done?" He looked steadily at Pip.

"Why, I . . ." Pip felt himself trembling unaccountably. "I've been chosen to—to succeed—to some property."

"Might I ask whose property?"

"I—I don't know—"

"Could I make a guess? Concerning a guardian, whiles you was a minor. . . . A lawyer, whose name begins with 'J'?"

Clutching the back of a chair, Pip looked at him wildly. Suddenly, suffocatingly, the truth flashed upon him. Under the grip of tense hands the chair tilted. He swayed.

Magwitch's hands helped him to the couch. Magwitch knelt before him. "Yes, Pip—dear boy," Magwitch said, "it's me wot has done it! I swore, that time you helped me in the churchyard, that sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you—that sure as ever I made my pile, you should be rich. . . . I don't want you to feel no obligation—not a bit! I want you to know that that there hunted dog, wot you kept life in, got his head so high he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!"

"Lookie, Pip," he went on, "there's bright eyes somewheres, that you love the thoughts on?" His glance fell on the daguerreotype of Estella. "And she shall be yours, my boy—money shall back you!"

Still Pip could not speak. Mingled emotions were torturing him. Estella! Never—now! The money—he couldn't touch it—now! He must pay it back—yet, how could he do so? If only he never had left the forge!

"And all along that I was making my pile for you," Magwitch was saying, "I held steady afore my mind that one day I would come and see my boy and make myself known to him. And at last I done it! It warn't easy for me to leave them far parts," he confided. "Nor yet it warn't safe." His voice dropped. "Caution is necessary."

"How do you mean—caution?"

"It's—death!"

"Death?" Pip repeated. "What—?"

"I was sent for life," Magwitch explained. "It's death to come back to England. I should of certainty be hanged, if took." He strode to a window. "Where will you put me to sleep, dear boy?" He sighed.

Like an automaton Pip rose. No longer could he think or reason. "My friend, Herbert Pocket, is away for several days," he said dully. "You shall have his room." Picking up a lamp, he led the convict into the adjoining bedroom.

Closing the door between them, he returned to the living-room. Sinking into a chair before the fire, he sat, staring at the crumpled wreckage of all his hopes and dreams.

When Herbert returned, Pip introduced him to Magwitch. Later, in troubled confi-

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dence, he told him the story. But when he had explained his terrible necessity to repay his dreadful benefactor, to take no more of his money, Herbert counseled him wisely:

"The great danger you have to fear is not his being taken—it's his giving himself up. . . . Here is an ignorant, determined man, who long has had one fixed idea—to make a gentleman of you. . . . He has come here at the risk of his life, to see you. . . . If, after all his toil and waiting, you destroy his idea, make his gains worthless to you—"

"Then—" Pip seized the point, "if I don't accept—don't lie and pretend—I shall be his murderer!"

"That is his power over you. As long as he remains in England—"

"I would rather have worked in the forge all my life," Pip exclaimed, "than have come to this! What's to be done?"

"The first thing is to get him out of England—and, to induce him to go, you will have to go with him."

"Away from England," Pip murmured, "away from Estella—cut off from her forever—as much an exile as he is—bound to this man—" he shuddered.

Together with Magwitch they discussed plans. Magwitch told them something of his early life—a child, adrift in an unfriendly world, with no family or friends—stealing turnips for existence—sent to jail—released—poaching, to save himself from starving—sent to jail again—again released—working as a laborer. . . . Then meeting Molly.

Molly! Jaggers' housekeeper! Pip and Herbert exchanged wondering glances.

"Half gypsy, she were—a wild, untamed one. She married me, and our baby was born, as pretty a little creature as ever was. Then he come along—Compeyson—he stole her from me. . . . She told me she'd killed our baby—and I believed her. . . . I never did see her again—neither did Compeyson, for with those strong hands of hers she choked the life out of the woman who came between her and Compeyson, and was took to prison. . . . After that, Compeyson used me for his business, which was passing stolen bank notes. . . . We was caught and committed for felony. . . . Then I got Jaggers. When he'd saved my neck from the rope, he told me my Molly had died, and our baby was dead. . . . Compeyson was to blame for it all!" His voice shook with savage hatred. "When I found he was in the same Hulks, I swore I'd smash his handsome face—and I done it! And I escaped, and was hiding ashore, when I first see my boy!" He wiped his forehead.

"Is he dead?" Pip asked, at last.

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

"Compeyson?"

"I never heard no more of him, after I was sent for a lifer," Magwitch said.

Herbert, carelessly scrawling something in a book, tilted it so that Pip could see what he had written. Amazed, Pip read:

"Compeyson was the man who deserted Miss Havisham on her wedding-day!"

Their plans were complete, at last. From some safe hiding-place along the shore, Pip and Herbert would row Magwitch, late at night, out into the river—where Pip and the convict would board the Hamburg Steamer.

But first, Pip resolved, he would see Miss Havisham—and Estella.

The old recluse sat now before the fire. Estella sat beside her. But there was silence between them—silence, and a new, strange bitterness. Lonely now, in the twilight of her life, pricked by the thought that Estella soon would leave her forever, she desired desperately to warm her cold heart with emotions long denied. But in Estella's heart she could arouse no answering emotion.

"You stock and stone! You cold, cold earth!" she reproached her.

"I am what you have made me," Estella said calmly.

"So hard and thankless!"

Estella rose. Gently she put her arm

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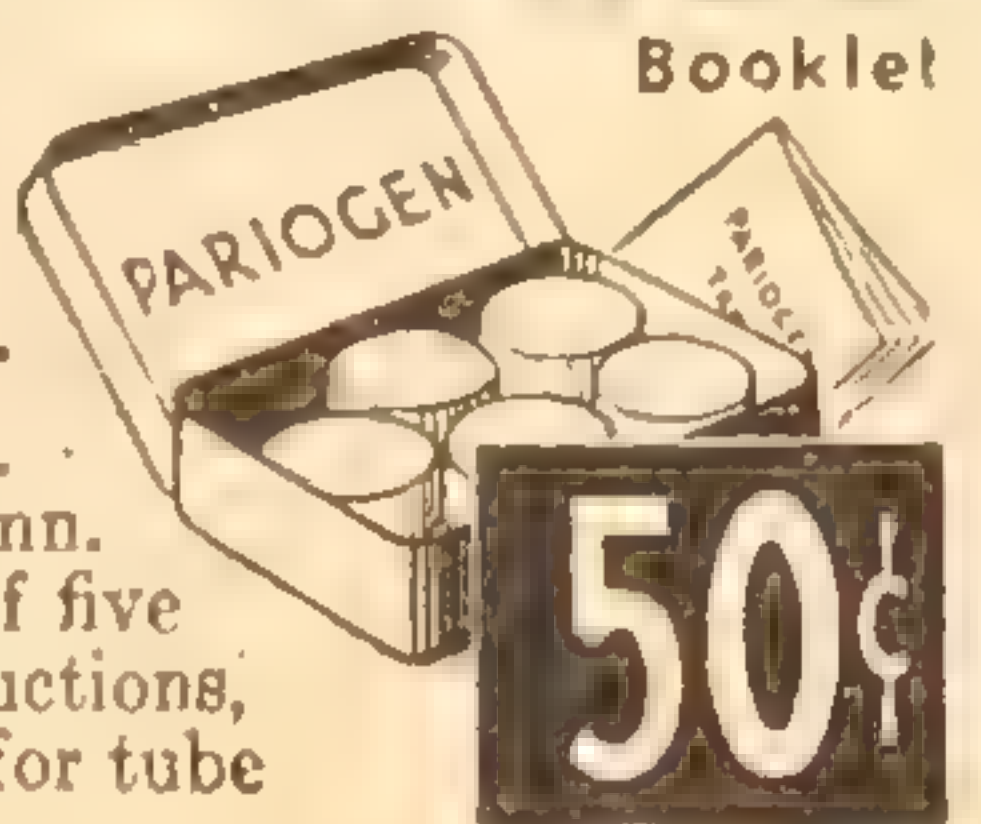
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about the old woman's shoulders. "Mother by adoption," she said quietly, "I owe everything to you. . . . All that you have given me is freely yours, to have again. But if you ask me to give what you never gave me—my gratitude and duty cannot do the impossible." And then the door opened abruptly. Pip stood there.

"What brings you here, Pip?" Miss Havisham asked.

"An ill-wind." At her invitation, he sat down.

Startled, anxious, Estella looked at him.

"You have succeeded, Miss Havisham," he said sadly. "I am as unhappy as you meant me to be!" Haltingly he went on to explain, how he had come to know his benefactor, the blow to his hopes, that Miss Havisham, by insinuation, had fostered.

She stared at him, clutching at her heart. In the silence that followed, Estella spoke: "Is this why you have come, Pip?"

He understood her meaning. He had not come to demand Miss Havisham's consent to their marriage. Not now! He looked at her sadly. "I don't know what may become of me now," he said. "But I have held you in my arms—and I believe that, in spite of your pride, you do love me."

"If that thought comforts you, believe it," Estella said. After a moment she added: "I am going to marry Drummle."

"But you can't! He can never make you happy! Don't marry for ambition—don't marry for anything but love!"

"Love is the last thing I would dare marry for. . . . Forget me, Pip—and you will."

"Estella—" he cried, "to the last hour of my life, you will be a part of me!"

"You have lost no happiness in losing me—I had nothing to give!" With a strange little cry she fled from the room.

Miss Havisham rose with difficulty. Her hands, fumbling on the table, found an ivory tablet. She held it out to him. "I want you to take this," she said. "My name is written on the first leaf. . . . If ever you can write under it 'I forgive her—'"

"You may dismiss me from your conscience, Miss Havisham," he said. "But, with Estella—if you can undo what you have done—"

Suddenly she fell to her knees at his feet. Tears rained down her withered cheeks. "What have I done!" she moaned.

Gently he lifted her in his arms and bore her to a chair. Then, in a few hushed words, she spoke with him.

A set, determined look was on Pip's face when he left. He went directly to the lawyer's home. Told Jaggers of his plan to take Magwitch out of England. Then he said: "I know now, Mr. Jaggers, that Molly once was Magwitch's wife and Estella is their child. I beg you to save Estella!"

"On what evidence does Magwitch make this claim?" the lawyer asked evenly.

"He does not make it—he has no knowledge that his daughter lives."

"Indeed. And how am I to save Estella?"

Passionately Pip declared his love for the girl. Spoke bitterly of Miss Havisham's blighting influence. Begged Jaggers to tell her the truth, that might save her.

At last, with unwonted gentleness, Jaggers spoke. When her mother was sent to prison, he had had an opportunity of procuring a ward for adoption by Miss Havisham. He had persuaded Molly to give Estella to him, for her own good. She might have fared badly otherwise.

"For whose sake," Jaggers finished impressively, "would you reveal the secret? For the father's? A man wanted by the law? For the mother's? A woman of violence, safer where she is? For the daughter's? Pip, if you have made her the subject of those dreams which at one time or another have been in the heads of more men than you think likely, then I am sure you would wish me to leave her in the dark."

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Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page 58)

quivered. "So he said," she confessed. "You stupid little fool!" Anya Rosson raged. "He never said anything of the sort! You were nothing to him! Nothing! Do you hear? He loved me," she declared.

Then, as she stood there facing them, insolent, proud, there came the horrifying detonation of a gun. Anya Rosson gasped. Her eyes widened wonderingly, then closed, as she staggered and fell dead before them!

A man entered the cabin. In his hand he held the still smoking gun. "My name is Herbert Rosson," he said dully. "She was my wife. I killed Lother, too," he added.

The Captain turned to McKinney. "Well, Inspector, now you can go back to your vacation."

"Not quite yet," McKinney said thoughtfully. "There's still a loose bracelet floating around somewhere. You remember, Mrs. Rosson reported the theft of her diamond bracelet . . ." He walked away, musing.

When he first had come aboard ship he had felt that he recognized Jimmy Brett. He was, McKinney felt sure, a thief. He knew Summers for a card-sharp, and Lother for a gambler, and he had trimmed them at their own game. Where had he got the money to play with them?

Suddenly conviction swept over the detective. He had lost his bill-fold the first night aboard. Later the bill-fold had turned up, but minus a fifty-dollar bill!

In a corner by the purser's cabin, Brett was talking with Chad Denby.

"You're in love with Sally, aren't you?" Denby asked presently.

"I sure am!" Brett's eyes glowed softly.

But Denby went on. "Sally's a swell girl, and I'd hate to see her tied up with a guy who wasn't on the level. Do I make myself clear?"

"Very clear." Brett looked serious.

He went in search of Sally. Found her.

Drawing a long breath, he thrust his hand in his pocket. Brought out the bracelet. "Now you know," he said.

Inspector McKinney's voice startled them. Hastily Jimmy thrust the bracelet back.

"I bet you fifty dollars," he said drily, "that I find that bracelet before we hit France."

Sally's eyes were earnest. "I have a hunch, Inspector, you're going to win that bet!"

"I hope so!" McKinney moved off.

Jimmy dared stand close to Sally now.

He put his hand in his pocket. His face whitened. "Well—I'll be—" he gasped.

"What's the matter?" Her eyes followed his.

A little way along, Inspector McKinney strolled, tossing something carelessly in his hand. Light reflected from it.

"Hey—wait a minute!" Jimmy called.

As he approached, McKinney slipped the bracelet into his pocket.

Brett drew out his bill-fold. "Here's your fifty—I'm ready to go with you, Inspector," he said quietly.

McKinney looked at him steadily. "I've had my eye on you for some time, young fellow," he said. "I thought, maybe, we'd have to teach you a lesson . . . But I'm convinced that you've learned it yourself."

Jimmy stared after him, his heart thumping with relief. McKinney wanted to give him a chance—him and Sally . . . He turned as she came toward him.

"Is it all right?" she asked breathlessly.

Jimmy nodded wordlessly.

"I'm crazy about you!" he said.

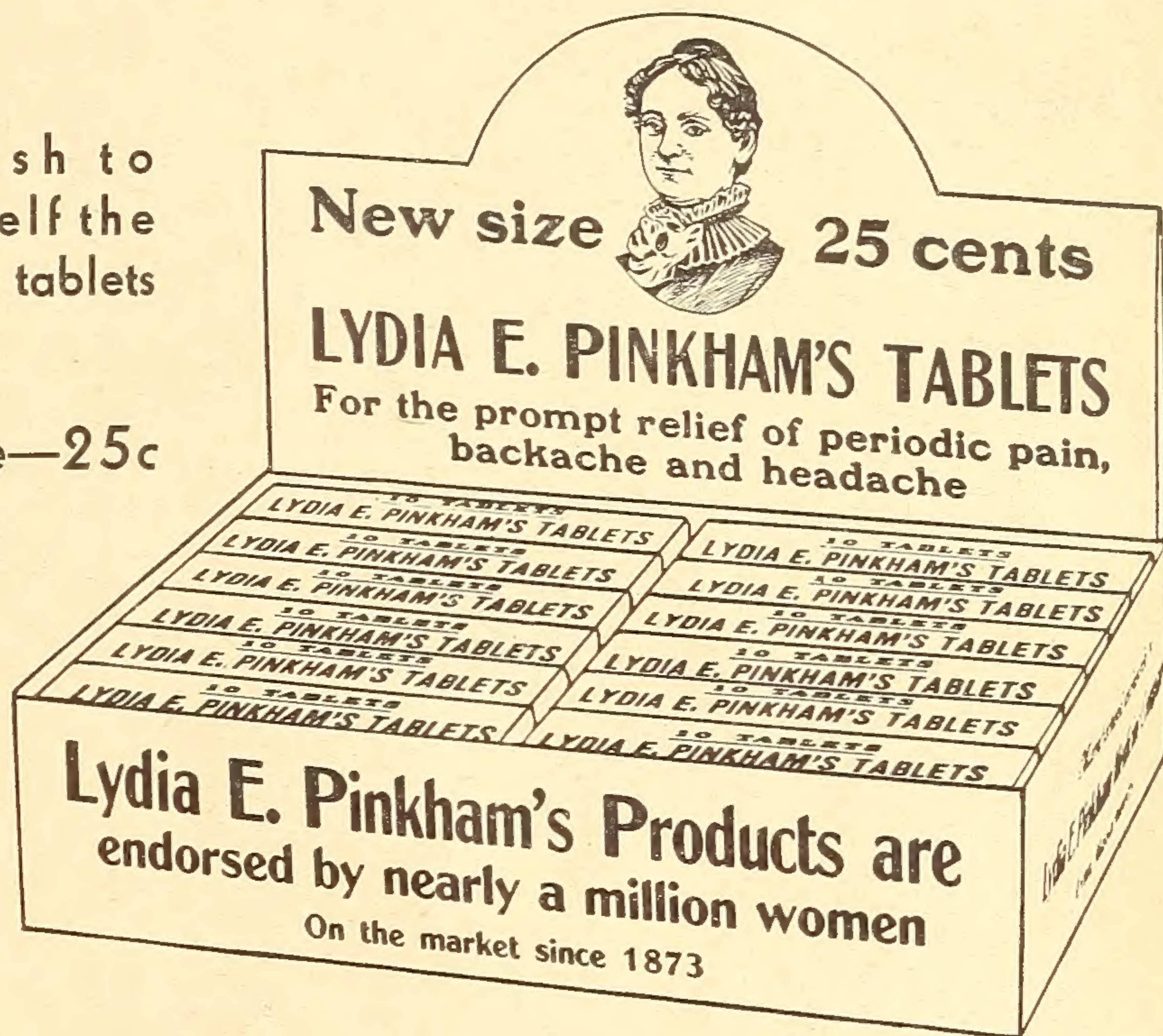
Sally said: "I think you're a pretty fine guy!" And lifted her lips happily to his.

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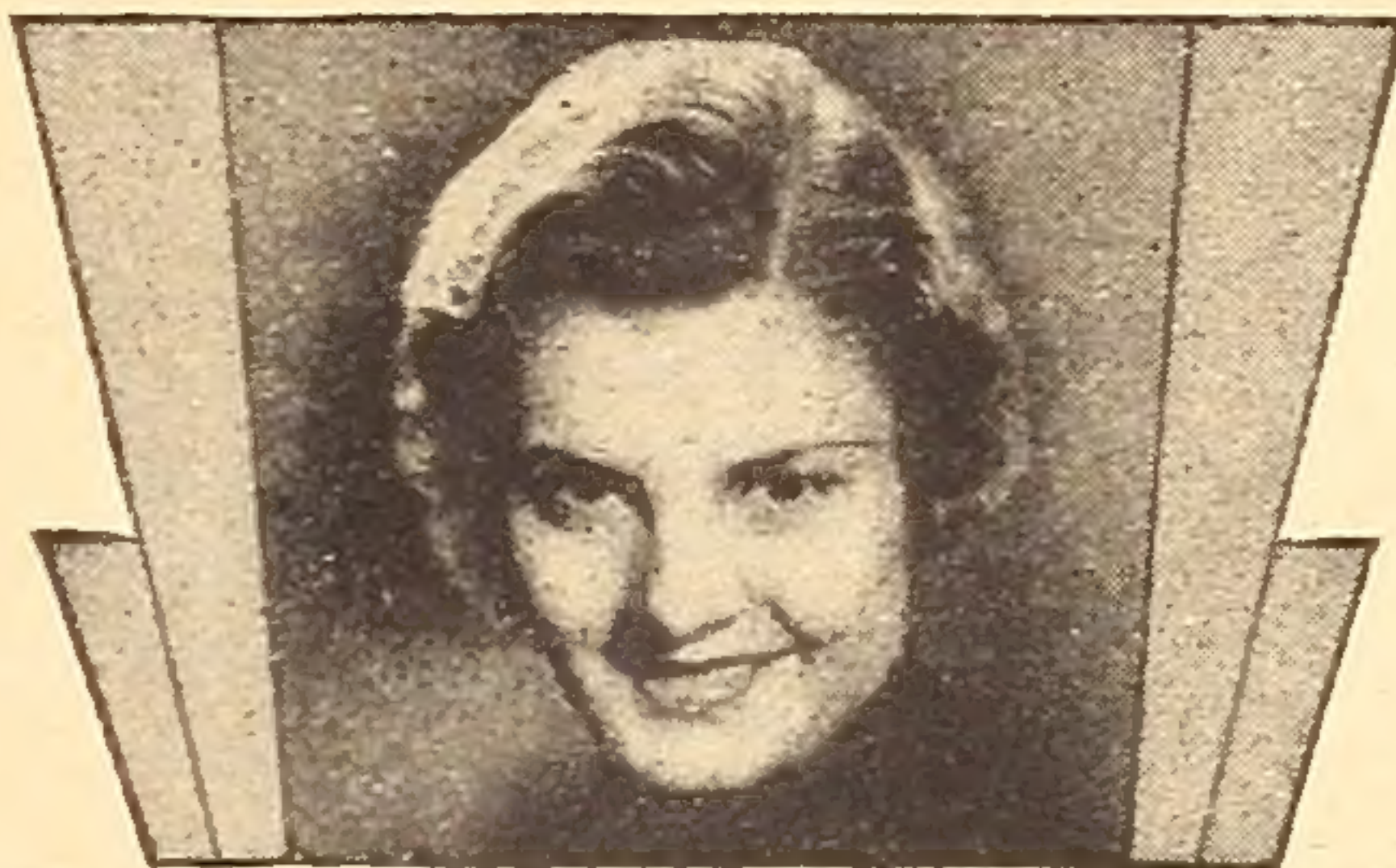
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These Movies

(Continued from page 35)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE —RKO-Radio

You Can't Help Liking This Fellow Astaire

IT didn't take Fred Astaire long to become a movie star. He makes the grade in his third picture, which reveals that, in him, the screen has found a new, unusual personality. There has never been anyone like him in films before. Not the "handsome hero" type, he is infectiously likable, with his humorous naturalness, his light-heartedness and light-footedness, his unself-conscious singing. Everything he does, he seems to do with perfect ease, with a gay nonchalance. And in "The Gay Divorcée," with Ginger Rogers as his co-star, he has a musical comedy that is far above the average—in plot, in wit, in music—and a chance to achieve a believable characterization.

He is an American musical comedy star, on vacation in Europe, fraternizing with Edward Everett Horton, a would-be London lawyer, who suffers from bewilderment—especially when Alice Brady, who suffers from loss of memory, sets out in pursuit of him. At the customs, Fred helps a damsel in distress, makes her more distressed, but can't be rebuffed, he is that smitten with her. (The girl is Ginger.) For two weeks, he scours London, searching for her (cue for "Looking for a Needle in a Haystack"), finally finds her, only to have her elude him again. Meanwhile, she goes to Horton, to see if he can help her get a divorce from a dreary scientist. He arranges that she should go to a seaside resort and be found there by detectives with a man who hires out as a professional co-respondent. To the same resort Horton takes Astaire.

Finding Ginger there, and not knowing why she is there, he pursues her (cue for "Night and Day"), until finally she thinks he is the professional co-respondent and despises him. It takes some highly amusing scenes—intimate, without an iota of suggestiveness—and a dance duet during "The Continental," to straighten matters out. I liked the whole picture except "The Continental," and I liked that while Fred and Ginger were doing it. But when chorus gals and chorus boys, seemingly by the hundreds, start doing it, and continue to do it and do it, things get monotonous—for the first and only time. I warn you—don't miss Astaire.

POWER—British-Gaumont

Conrad Veidt Joins the Unforgetables

"POWER" lives up to its title. It is the finest picture the British have sent us since Charles Laughton's "Private Life of Henry the VIIIth" and Elizabeth Bergner's "Catherine the Great"—and, like those two memorable pictures, deals with the decadent nobility of another day. But where "Henry the VIIIth" was biographical comedy and "Catherine the Great" was historical romance, "Power" is tragedy, ironic tragedy. And in it Conrad Veidt renders a magnificent performance. Along with Laughton and Miss Bergner, the German actor—who was in Hollywood before talkies—now rates ranking as one of the ten greatest performers in the world.

The film is based on Lion Feuchtwanger's compelling historical novel of the same name. Its setting is the XVIIIth Century Duchy of Wurttemberg, Germany. Its story is that of Jew Suss, brilliant, romantic, coolly clever mystery man out of a German ghetto, who becomes a financial wizard and master of court intrigue, courageous, adventurous, thriving on unseen power. To him, power

concentration on her beauty. You forget that she is Anna Sten. She becomes the girl she is portraying, with simplicity and naturalness. She is real.

She is a healthy, unsophisticated peasant girl as the story opens in the czaristic Russia of 1885—a household protégée of two wealthy women aristocrats on their country estate. Like the trees in bloom, she is beautiful, unaware of her beauty, content with her lot. To the estate comes her mistress' cadet-nephew, a young radical passionately interested in equality for all. Before he goes away, he falls in love with her, tells her she is his equal, promises eternal fealty. But back in the army corps, he is forced to engage in the dissolute life, and in the next two years becomes a sensual cynic. Again he revisits the estate for one night, callously seduces her, leaves her only a bank-note . . . Years later, in Moscow, she is a street-angel, accused of robbery and murder, and tried before a jury of which he is a member. Innocent, she is sentenced to Siberia through an error. Frantically, he pulls wires, tries to get her free. Failing, he suddenly realizes the injustice of it all, blames himself, resolves to correct the wrong he has done, though she scorns him, and share her sentence with her. And that scene of their reunion is the big thrill of the picture. Her eyes, dulled by her tragedy, suddenly light up, shine, live again. A slow picture, it moves with an undercover tenseness, never relaxing your interest. Director Rouben Mamoulian has again proved his skill as a story-teller.

JUDGE PRIEST—Fox

Will Rogers Has Never Been Better

"JUDGE PRIEST" is the best Will Rogers picture since "State Fair"—and in it, to my mind, he gives his greatest performance to date. It marks his complete metamorphosis from amusing philosopher into character actor. He doesn't get a single chance to comment upon the modern scene. He is living in a sleepy old town in the Kentucky of the 1890's. In appearance, he may not be the *Judge Priest* of Irvin S. Cobb's stories, but in every other way he is that foxy, humorous, salty character.

The picture gets off to a leisurely start, introducing you to the town's and the film's principal character, his old Confederate cronies and his enemies. Slyly, it makes you interested in all of them. Then things start happening. *Judge Priest* is to preside at a trial that promises to be a bitter one, with the sympathies of the town divided. The attorney for the defense is his young nephew (Tom Brown), and the prosecutor charges the *Judge* with being prejudiced. Passionately defending his judicial fairness, he leaves the bench, but by a roundabout way finds a way to help the defense, having Henry B. Walthall take the stand. The rising suspense reaches a vivid climax in this scene—one of the most moving monologues ever presented on the screen, with the *Little Colonel* of "Birth of a Nation" fame proving that he is still one of the screen titans. He comes close to stealing the picture, excellent though Will is. The picture has that rare thing, charm—and practically everything else you could ask for, including drama, humor, pathos and romance. The big laugh moment is Will's imitation of Stepin Fetchit's voice, with the unerring marksmanship of tobacco-chewing Juror No. 12 another high point in hilarity. There isn't a weak performance in the picture. Especially outstanding, after Rogers and Walthall, is David Landau as the man on trial. That trial scene is the scene you don't want to miss.

seems all-essential, until the backwash of intrigue brings the bitterest of tragedies into his own life. He gets retribution, according to his own code, but with his vengeance he writes his own finale. And here the irony mounts to climactic proportions. He discovers that he is not, as he and all the world had thought, a Jew. If he bares his discovery, he can escape the gallows. But—for reasons of his own—he keeps silence.

The picture is produced on the same lavish scale as "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth" and "Catherine the Great." But that isn't the important thing. What is important is that here is a courageous, powerful picture, glorified by a tremendous performance. Conrad Veidt can laugh sardonically now at Hollywood's once deciding that it could no longer use him.

LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia

Robson and Lombard Co-Star in a Hit

"LADY BY CHOICE" is the best picture May Robson has had since "Lady for a Day," and the best that Carole Lombard has had since "20th Century." And I can't see any reason why this co-starring picture shouldn't be a hit, also, for in it they are both doing follow-ups of their earlier rôles. Moreover, the characters, though amusing, are humanly real, and the story, for all its theatrical hokum, is entertaining from start to finish.

No apple-seller this time, Miss Robson is a genial old derelict, haled into court. No Broadway queen this time, Miss Lombard is a temperamental fan dancer, who also gets haled into court. May, despite her objections, is sent away to an old folks' home; Carole receives a suspended sentence. Some time later, her press-agent conceives a publicity stunt involving her adoption of a "mother." They go to the old folks' home, Carole recognizes May, and chooses her to be her phoney maternal guide. May, however, takes her assignment seriously—with a resultant amusing clash of temperaments, particularly over the way Carole is treating Roger Pryor, who loves her. May is determined to be a dictatress; Carole is equally determined to be a rebel. Fun and drama unite to make the picture an enjoyable morsel, a banisher of the blues. And all kinds of praise can be heaped on both stars for their performances.

And I might say, briefly, that:


CARAVAN is a colorful comedy romance, with music—and almost too spectacular for its cream-puff plot. Aristocrat Loretta Young, deciding to marry singing-gypsy Charles Boyer, suddenly discovers that she loves aristocrat Phillips Holmes; Boyer consoles himself with jealous-gypsy Jean Parker. Louise Fazenda, in a comedy rôle, is a big help (Fox)

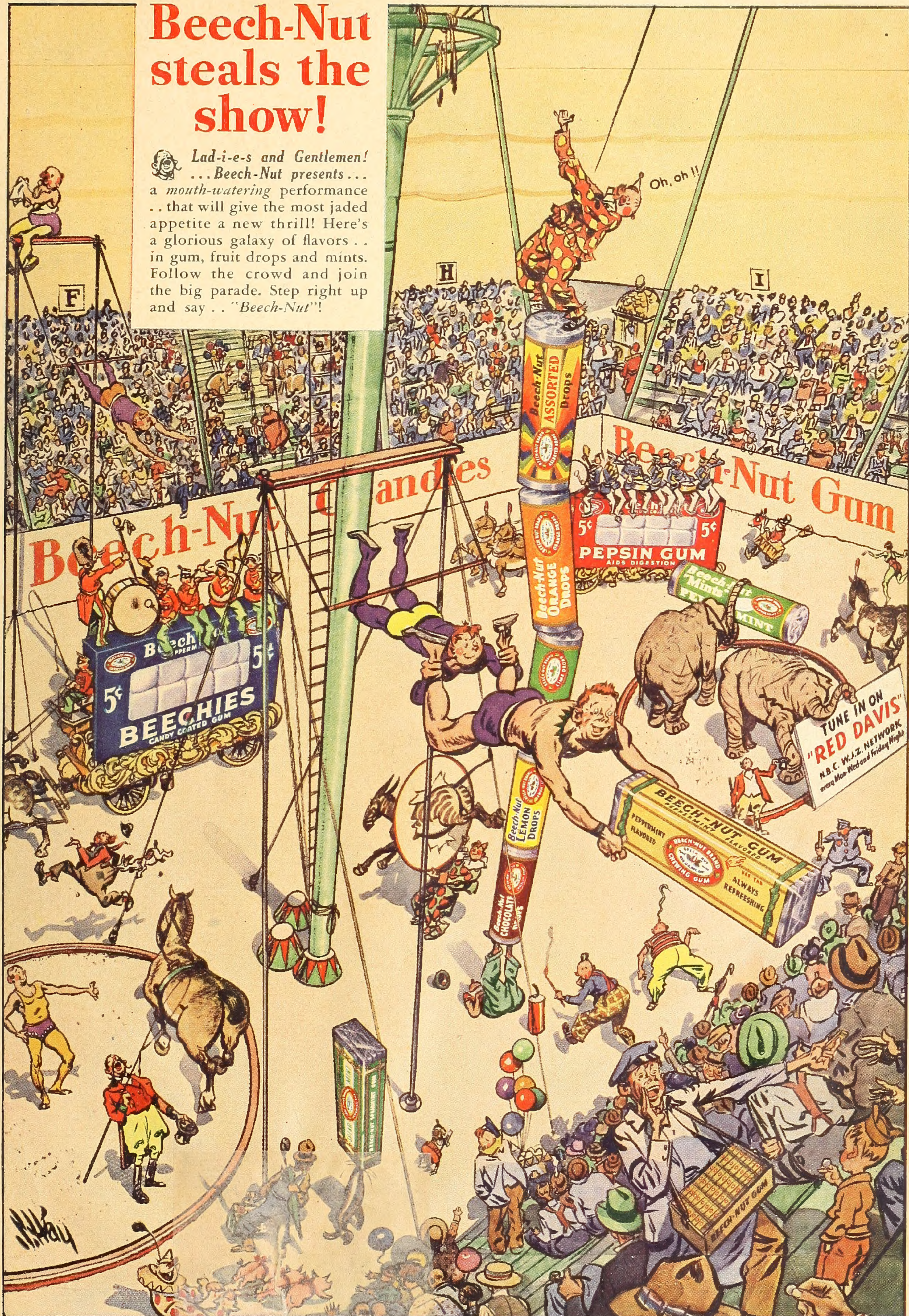
A LOST LADY is a slow, heavy, well-acted picturization of Willa Cather's novel about a young and tragic girl who marries a kindly older man, then almost wrecks his life as hers had been wrecked, at last finds happiness with him. Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez are the convincing principals (Warners)

PECK'S BAD BOY is something for the whole family—a portrait of a mischievous, misunderstood, real boy (Jackie Cooper), who craves the companionship of his father (Thomas Meighan). (Principal)

HAPPINESS AHEAD is a disarming, light-hearted comedy-romance, with music, introducing a promising newcomer—Josephine Hutchinson, a poor little rich girl, who doesn't find true love until she meets that singing window-washer, Dick Powell. It is breezy, cheerful, pleasant (Warners)

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